

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &C.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1860.

(ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1858.)  
(WHOLE NUMBER THREE, 1860.)

CITY SMOKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Lo, from a thousand hearth-stones, here and there—  
Released from all this tumult, noise and care,  
The smoke goes floating through the sunny air.  
Like a freed spirit from a funeral pyre,  
Pure from the bitter trial of the fire,  
Free to arise, and triumph, and aspire.  
Its way along the gloomy walls it winds,  
Through troubled clouds of city dust ascends,  
And melting far in heaven's own glory ends.  
Oh, spirit! prisoned, shadowed, sorely tried,—  
Oh, spirit! thrust the blinding cloud aside—  
The heaven of Truth, and Love, and Light, is wide!  
Up circle! prisoners open toward the sky;  
True spirits all are free-born—ah, die;  
Arise, and rank thee with the hosts on high!  
The sun shall give thee beauty, and his light  
Shall be no without power to slay the night,  
And put the starless hours of wrong to flight!  
Rome, Italy.

REGINA;  
OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER V.

The garden has a fountain fair,  
And off the lady watches there;  
Thou wilt her image come to me,  
Her white hands clasped upon her knee,  
While the south wind is gently waving  
The locks that o'er her forehead fall,  
Or in the fountain's watersaving  
The rose trees by the fountain's wall.  
M. B.  
Regina took a straw hat from the stand be-  
side her, and whilst to Prince Charlie, bade  
Clifford follow her to the garden.  
"We will say farewell to my violin. I de-  
pend on you to look after them while I am  
away, if you are not too busy."  
He did not answer, but walked slowly on by  
her side, while she talked gaily of Ruth and  
herself, and the long, pleasant tour they had  
planned upon the continent.  
They stopped beside the fountain. The fresh,  
green grass was springing up on every side.  
The young leaves were clothing the once barren  
trees. The American violets starred the turf  
with their purple beauty, and the sunshine of  
the spring was over all. A fan of carved ebony  
lay on the wide lip of the fountain—a book be-  
side it. It was a miniature edition of Shelley.  
Clifford took it up, and looked a moment at the  
beautiful face of the portrait.  
"Ruth and I spent the earlier part of the  
day here," said Regina. "Ruth shares my  
home, my walks, my rides, my journeys."  
"Well."  
"She will go abroad with me; we shall be  
together constantly, night and day. Your  
own good sense will show you that I may find  
more pleasure in this close companionship,  
than in the somewhat ceremonious intercourse  
I hold with you."  
Not much daunted, Clifford changed his po-  
sition, so that he could look exactly into her  
face.  
"Will you listen to me?"  
"Not if you are going to talk nonsense, Mr.  
Clifford."  
"Is it nonsense?"  
"Yes. Let us go back to the house."  
"I shall do no such thing. Why are you so  
afraid to hear me, Regina?"  
"I'll tell you. Up to this time we have gone  
on very well. You have never said anything  
that I did not wish to hear—never made love  
to me—never made a fool of yourself, in short,  
in any way."  
"Thank you!"  
"I know you are vexed, but that matters  
little just now. I do not want to hear from  
you what I might hear from a dozen London  
roues, if I chose. I want to keep you as my  
friend."  
"And I want you, Regina, to let me speak  
for five moments, if you will be so kind."  
She sat down on the fountain's edge, and  
dipped the tips of her fingers into the water.  
"Since you persist, then, go on."  
He glanced around. The high wall on one  
side, and the trees on the other, screened them  
from every eye. The curtains of the dining-  
room and library were both drawn; no one  
could by any chance witness that interview  
without his knowledge. His eyes rested for  
one moment on Regina's grave face. Then he  
suddenly exclaimed,  
"Good heavens, Regina! do you want to  
drive me mad?"  
"No."  
"Then why do you sit there so like a stone?  
Are you as heartless as the whole world calls  
you?"  
"Perhaps."  
He caught her hand in his.

"You shall answer  
me!"

"Release my hand,  
sir!" she said, so im-  
periously, that he drop-  
ped it at once. "We  
are not on the stage, I  
believe! We are not  
rehearsing a tragedy!  
Be kind enough to say,  
in so many words, what  
you wish, and never  
fear that you will not  
get your answer—quite  
as soon and as plain as  
you will like!" she  
added, with a peculiar  
smile.

He was looking at  
her in utter astonish-  
ment.

"And this is Re-  
gina!"  
She smiled again.  
"I hope you like  
her!"

"This is the woman  
I believed—I hoped—"  
"There, never mind  
the rest, my dear sir!  
It is evident that you  
have mistaken her from  
first to last, or you  
would never have come  
on this errand!"

"I must be dream-  
ing!"

"I shall find means to awaken you presently.  
Come, are you going to utter the choice im-  
pertinences you have been preparing on your way  
from town this morning?"

"Impertinences, madam!"

"Are your arrows sharpened so that they  
cannot fail to pierce my heart? You will aim  
skillfully, I am sure! And I will tell you,  
for your comfort, that no one could wound me  
more fatally! Regia, then, as soon as you  
like!"

"Are you mad, Regina?"

"Not quite."

"What have I said or done that you should  
speak to me in this way?"

"Not much!" she answered with a bitter  
smile. "You have only shown me what an  
idiot I have been taking myself for the last  
two or three months—that is all! A mere  
trifle! Don't let it interrupt what you were  
going to say!"

"Regina, do tell me what you mean!"

"I believed that I might have a friend, even  
of your sex!" she said, sadly. "I took such  
pleasure in the thought—I was so proud to  
know that even I, in spite of the past, could  
inspire and share a feeling so pure; and now—  
and now, Clifford, if you were not so dear to  
me, I should find it impossible to refrain from  
hating you! It may be impossible even yet!"

"If this is my crime, I plead guilty," he  
said, looking at her, with a smile.

"And you have the heart to tell me so?"

"I love you!"

"Go on, pray—it is very pleasant."

"I will not say I would die for you—that is  
but a cold promise; but I would live for you—  
with you."

"Ah, we have it then, at last!" she said.

"I would give every moment of my existence  
to you."

"I am extremely obliged to you."

"I would be home, country, and friends to  
you; you should have no joy that I did not  
bring, no sorrow that I did not share."

"Mr. Clifford, I always supposed that if I  
was fortunate enough to inspire a poet with a  
tender passion, he would pay me the com-  
pliment of saying something new, something  
startling, when he told his love; but you are  
going on in the old style: 'die for me,' 'live  
for me,' 'joys and sorrows,' &c., &c., &c.—  
Why, I have heard it over and over, and over  
again; I could repeat it all by heart; or, if I  
failed, I need only to send to the circulating  
library—there is a very good one at the end  
of the lane—and any fashionable novel would  
help me out. If this is all you have to tell  
me, would you mind my suggesting our return  
to the house? It is quite luncheon time, and  
Prudence promised me some oyster patties to-  
day. No one can make them as she does; you  
will be quite as fond of them as I am. May I  
trouble you to give me your arm?"

It is the last straw which breaks the camel's  
back; and though Clifford had kept his temper  
wonderfully well, all self-control vanished at  
that mocking speech, and he raved up and  
down the garden like a madman. "Cruel!—  
insulting! heartless!" these were the mildest  
epithets that came to his lips, as he recalled  
the tales of her treatment of those she loved  
to love her, even as she had loved him.—  
Through all the outbreak, she sat placidly  
smiling to herself, and breaking the smooth  
surface of the water into a thousand rings  
and dimples by the drops she showered from  
her hand.

"Shall we go?" she asked, when he ceased.

"The oyster patties!"

Clifford uttered an oath.

"Yes, I thought that would be the next  
thing!"

"I beg your pardon, Regina. But you have



CLIFFORD AND REGINA AT THE FOUNTAIN.

bewildered me so completely that I do not know  
what I am saying."  
"I wish I could think so."  
"Have you no mercy?"  
"None, when people offend like you."  
"Is it a sin, then, to love you?"  
"And to wish to die for me—or to live with  
me?" she continued, in a mocking tone. "Oh,  
no, Mr. Clifford; the world would not call it  
so—at least it would be a very venial one in  
its eyes. It is no sin to wound one, who had  
some little faith in you, to the very heart—no  
sin to come here and insult me, as you would  
have done last night—no sin to make me feel  
all the old hate and wrath against humanity  
at large stirring in my breast!"  
"But do you not love me, Regina?"  
"Very much—just at present!" she answer-  
ed, with a mocking smile.  
"Good heavens! was there ever a woman  
like this?"  
"No, Clifford!" she said, rising, and look-  
ing grave and sad; "let us hope not. No other  
woman ever fell so low in the eyes she loved  
as I have done to-day! Whose fault is it?  
What reason have I given you for this? Why  
have you come to me and rejected to believe  
you good and honorable?"  
"Stop, Regina!" he said, hurriedly; "you  
are under a dreadful mistake! I have not  
only been telling you of my love for you—I  
meant—I intended—in short, I only ask you to  
share it in one way."  
"And that?"  
"The most sacred!"  
"Indeed?"  
"No, my wife, Regina."  
"Your wife?"  
"My own dear wife! I would have said the  
words before, if I had known your thoughts.  
But how could I dream that you had such un-  
worthy ones of me?"  
She looked at him very steadily.  
"Unworthy, were they? I am glad to hear  
it! But answer me one question, on your hon-  
or as a gentleman."  
"I will."  
"Were those unworthy thoughts only on  
my side? Have you had none of me?"  
He hesitated.  
"Take time before you answer. There is a  
magnetism between those who love; and for a  
day or two back—say, up to the moment of  
your visit here this morning—I have felt that  
all was not as it should be between us."  
What could he say? Well he knew that if  
Regina was aware what suggestions his evil  
nature had made him in her regard, she would  
send him from her, though her own heart  
broke in the sending. Deceit was necessary;  
for now that he was by her side, he felt that  
he could not live without her. Better that truth  
and honor should leave him (hard though the  
parting might be) than Regina. He looked up,  
and met her eyes undimmedly.  
"Well?"  
"I have been taking counsel with my mem-  
ory."  
"What does it say?"  
"It acquits me fully. I have had no wrong  
thoughts of you. I have loved you, almost  
from the first, tenderly—passionately; but I  
have never thought of asking you to sacrifice  
yourself for me."  
"Oh, Clifford, do not deceive me! Better to  
part now, than when we are far dearer to each  
other!"  
"I have told you the truth."  
"Then forgive all my doubts—forgive all the  
provoking things I have said and done. I was  
grieved to the very soul that you had failed  
me. Even Ruth might have changed without  
my feeling it so deeply."  
"You love me, then?"  
"Is there need to ask the question?"

"Only for the sake of the answer, which will  
be very sweet."  
"Take it!" And placing both her hands in  
his, she looked up into his handsome face,  
with tears in her eyes. "I love you so dearly,  
Clifford, that if you deceived me in any way,  
though my body might live many a year, my  
heart would die!"  
The words were simple, but the look—the  
glance—how full of love and faith they were!  
How much it seemed to him to win that con-  
fession from her lips! Helen Krilford might  
have said it, but not like Regina! Much  
moved, he drew her freely to his breast, and  
whispered, with his lips close to her cheek,  
"Trust me—give me all your faith and all  
your love! I will not fail you!"  
"God help me if you do!" she answered.  
"I stake everything upon this one last throw!  
If I lose—if I lose!"  
"You will not lose!" he answered, be-  
lieving in his heart of hearts that he spoke the  
truth.  
She released herself from his embrace, and  
sat down again on the fountain's brim.  
"I can hardly believe that I am awake! It  
seems like a dream of fairy-land!"  
"You must have dreamed for some time,  
then, for surely you knew long ago that I loved  
you!"  
"Not like this!"  
They were both silent for a time. The foun-  
tain murmured in the sunshine—the birds  
sang as if their little hearts were bursting with  
joy—all was quiet and peaceful. It was like a  
new world—a second Garden of Eden, into  
which they had been born, an Adam and an  
Eve, who could never be driven out from their  
Paradise! Clifford gazed at Regina with a new  
pleasure. The instinct of ownership was  
strong within him. It was no longer the beau-  
tiful actress—the darling of the stage—who sat  
before him; but his own darling—the wife of his  
bosom! Queen of all other hearts, she was yet  
his subject—his slave, if he so willed it! She  
had kept him from his triumph long, but the  
day was coming when she would love her  
chains, and kiss the hand that riveted them!  
He would be his turn to command, and hers to  
obey—his to be pleased, and hers to please—  
hers to love, and his to reward that love with  
tenderness and protection! It was strange  
that his musings should take this hue so soon  
—it only showed how much her unconquered  
freedom had vexed him, though he knew it not!  
He had feared the tigress yet untamed.  
He thought, with blissful self-complacency,  
now that the sharp claws were pared, and the  
savage nature subdued, how pleasant employ-  
ment it would be to teach his charge to know  
her master's voice, and crouch lovingly at her  
master's feet!  
"I suppose what I have just said will make  
some difference in your plans for to-morrow?"  
he remarked at last.  
"Do you? I believe not!" she answered,  
dreamily, without looking up.  
"Surely, my love, you do not intend to start  
off now on a journey that seems (I beg your  
pardon if I offend) exceedingly like what peo-  
ple call a 'wild goose chase,' without me to  
protect and care for you?"  
"Protect me? Care for me?" she repeated,  
lifting her eyebrows with a pained look.  
"Why, Clifford, do you imagine I have grown  
suddenly helpless? I travelled through Amer-  
ica and over the Continent entirely alone, and  
Ruth will be with me now."  
"Your position is changed," ventured Clif-  
ford.  
"Ah!"  
There was very much in that little monosyl-  
lable—the first warning of the cloudy weather  
about to obscure the bright horizon ere long.

and looked into the fountain. She was jealous  
of Helen Krilford; till that moment she had  
never known it. But far too proud to betray  
this secret to her lover, she carefully avoided  
all mention of her name.  
"And after you left the house?"  
"Oh, we walked up into Hyde Park and  
the Gardens," exclaimed Clifford, to whom a  
vision of the blonde Helen, at her easel, had  
suddenly and unaccountably risen.  
"And what did he say about my lunch-  
box?"  
"That we should be absent—that was all."  
He turned away from her, dreading the  
cross-examination which he felt sure would  
follow; and wishing in his heart that he had  
held his tongue in one instance—possibly in  
both.  
"Did he know your errand here?"  
"Yes, love," replied poor Clifford, as meek-  
ly as if he had been three years married.  
Regina's eyes sparkled with scorn and anger.  
"I thought as much!"  
"But I see no harm in it, Regina."  
"Nor I."  
"Yet you are offended!"  
"I suppose you will think it necessary to  
proclaim from the Monument that you are  
about to marry me, before the ceremony takes  
place."  
"My dear Regina, I have never mentioned  
it, except to him."  
"Of all men in the world, the last one who  
should have known it!"  
"Why?"  
"You must see the indecency of the thing  
as well as I. He is Krilford's brother!"  
"If he and I can forget that, surely you  
may!"  
"That is not all. (If you will promise never  
to act upon what I tell you, I will go on.)"  
"I promise."  
"Upon your honor?"  
"Upon my honor!"  
"Not many weeks ago, the Earl of Charle-  
mount wrote to me."  
"Wrote to you? For what, pray?"  
"Nothing of any consequence," she an-  
swered, with a smile. "He merely said that he  
found Krilford Park rather lonely—that the  
rose-garden there was considered very beau-  
tiful—and that if I felt inclined to visit it in his  
company—"  
"Regina!"  
"A carriage should be at my disposal, to-  
gether with an unlimited amount of diamonds,  
and blank checks upon Coutts & Co., signed  
by his name."  
"The infernal villain!" cried Clifford, start-  
ing from his seat. "And when I told him to-  
day that I was about to ask you to be my  
wife, he apologized for seeming to speak  
lightly of you. What have you done with  
that letter?"  
"I tore it into fragments, and commis-  
sioned Prudence to inform his lordship of its  
fate."  
"Did she?"  
"He has never called. I suppose he read  
my silence rightly."  
"Why did you not tell me of this before?"  
"What reason had I for doing so?"  
"At least, you knew I was your friend!"  
"Possibly, but if I told my friends of all  
the insulting offers I receive, and requested  
them to punish the authors, I should be un-  
bearable."  
He looked at her reproachfully.  
"During all this time of pleasant compani-  
ship, I have fancied I was reading you thor-  
oughly. I find my mistake. I have never  
torn the first page of the mysterious  
book."  
"What would you have, my dear?" she  
answered, with a conscious smile. "When a

gentleman introduces himself to me with the  
assurance that I need not expect him to make  
love—"  
"You will never forget that unlucky  
speech!"  
"I do not intend to. But there are nine  
women in me, Clifford, and I am only to be  
thoroughly known where I am thoroughly  
loved."  
"When will you marry me?" he asked, ab-  
solutely.  
"Not yet."  
"Why not?"  
"We have many things to speak of first."  
"Let us begin with them at once."  
"With one, we will, for it grows out of this  
subject. You will see that you must give up  
your friendship with the noble Earl."  
"Do not speak of him, Regina. I wish with  
all my heart I had given you no promise. I  
would not have done so had I dreamed what  
you were about to say."  
"I would not have told you without it. But  
if you should meet—"  
"There is no fear of it."  
"You both frequent the same place."  
"Well, I will avoid them—or him. The  
matter is soon settled."  
"I am afraid not."  
"Then we will go abroad for a time. He  
has procured me an appointment in the Tas-  
manian expedition, command him!"  
"When did he do this?"  
"Not long ago."  
"Before you told him of me?"  
"Of course."  
"Then, my dear Clifford, you may be sure  
it was out of no friendship for you."  
"What object could he possibly have  
had?"  
"He might have wished you away. All  
London knows that you and I have been on  
terms of great intimacy."  
"By heaven, Regina, you must be right!  
He withdrew at the moment I spoke of you,  
and promised to procure something in Eng-  
land for me."  
"No doubt! He did not wish me to go to  
Tasmania!"  
"Oh, what an idiot I have been! I have  
been as frank with that man as a boy of  
sixteen might have been! I even promised  
to dine with him to-day, and to let him  
know—"  
Unhappy Clifford! His "frankness" had  
brought him into a fresh scrape; for though  
he checked himself, as he fancied, in time,  
Regina guessed the truth with all a woman's  
quickness.  
"Upon my word, Mr. Clifford, I am charmed  
with you! So you were going to dine at  
Charlemont House, and repeat this conver-  
sation over your wine and walnuts. I feel a  
strong inclination to box your ears, sir!"  
and her glance, certainly, did not belie her  
words.  
"You may, my darling! I am sure I de-  
serve it for not having held my tongue in pro-  
per time and place." He answered so very  
penitently, that the white hand, uplifted  
threateningly, condescended to linger for a  
moment upon the bright curls waving over his  
forehead. He paid it homage as it dropped  
again. That first cross of Regina's—it was  
years before he entirely forgot the thrill of per-  
fect joy it brought to him!  
"You are not to tell the Earl of that," she  
said, with a regular smile. "Of course, you  
will resign your Tasmanian appointment."  
"At once."  
"But you spoke of going abroad. Are you  
really ready to sacrifice England, and all your  
English friends for me?"  
"More than ready."  
"You will repeat one day."  
"Wait till it comes!"  
"But listen, Clifford, and let my hand alone.  
We can never live in London."  
"Why not?"  
"What kind of a part should I play here, as  
Mrs. Clifford? As Regina the Actress, I am  
my natural place—a kind of brilliant outcast,  
for whom no one is obliged to take thought—  
a species of social comet, at which people stare  
staringly, but whose close approach would  
be rather alarming."  
"You exaggerate your position."  
"Not at all. But when I become Mrs. Clif-  
ford, the grandeur of the tragedy ends, and the  
beginning of the comedy—a low comedy, mind  
you—begins!"  
"I confess I do not see it."  
"You would still keep your place in so-  
ciety. People would be more curious than  
ever to see you; young ladies would beg your  
autograph, and publishers would run your  
poems up to fourth and fifth editions, with  
miraculous speed. Meanwhile, I should be  
sitting at home, mending your stockings and  
sewing up the rents in your gloves; solacing  
myself with the thought that, in all human  
probability, nine women out of every ten  
were making quiet love to you, or you to  
them, as the case might be. Oh, it is a rav-  
ishing idea!"  
He could not help laughing at the shrug of  
her shoulders and the peculiar expression of  
her face.  
"But if you went into society with me?"  
She pointed to Lord Krilford's ring, and  
looked at him solemnly. It was enough; they  
spoke no more of a home in London.



everybody; and so deeply, that home, with all its attractions, could not draw her towards England, just then. Clifford pulled, or tugged, as the case might be, over every letter that reached him. One day, they had as-

erely to turn the machine, whilst the corks  
hill down a spout to the surface underneath.  
It makes nine revolutions a minute, and will  
cut, if required, four different size corks at a  
time, either round or oval.

heart, that men would never hear him, or award him the credit, "because he was poor," let all fair men see to it that he is not deprived of these honors to which he is entitled, the only compensation we can now make to one who suffered nobly of the world but whom

HOME AGAIN.—"Florence Percy" arrived Quebec on the 1st inst.—the voyage home a pleasant and rapid one. Our readers will be pleased to learn that she is enjoying excellent health.

— An advertisement of cheap fancy articles in an eastern paper, following was done:—M. B. Ladd, these cheap shoes, will do well to call as they will not last long."

Onsook.—Official returns from the Onsook election give Shiao, the Democratic candidate for Congress, seventy majority over Logan, Republican candidate.



## LETTER FROM PARIS.

MADAME DE GIRARDIN.—(Continued.)

PARIS, June 22, 1880.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The Baron de la G— having withdrawn from the field, as narrated in my last letter, M. de la G—, then a young man without friends or fortune, but already noted for his talent, and regarded as one who was sure to make his way in the world, took the position as abruptly abandoned by the Baron. He was accepted by the fair Delphine, and the marriage took place in 1831. In the following year, Madame de Girardin, as we must now call her, published two novels, entitled "The Opera Glass," and "An Old Maid's Tale to Her Nephew;" in 1833, "Napoleon," generally regarded as the best of her poems; in 1835, another novel, "Monsieur le Marquis de Fontenay," and, in 1836, a fourth novel, "The Case of Monsieur de Balzac." In the course of the same year, her husband having founded *La Presse*, a daily newspaper, she began writing, in that journal, a series of weekly letters, which she continued until 1846, and in which under the pseudonym of the "Viscountess de Launay," she recounted the various incidents of the preceding week; describes the promenade of Longchamps, the procession of the *Banquet des Femmes*, a Mass in Music at St. Roch or the Madeleine; reports the latest gossip touching M. Guizot, the Duc de Bordeaux, the old names of the Faubourg St. Germain, and the new ones of the Champs Elysées; discusses the last sermon of the Abbe de Rancillac, the newest novel of Frederic Lemaître, the arrival of some fresh monster at *Jardin des Plantes*, the races, the fashions, the last ball, the policy of the Legislative Chambers, and the doings of the Citizen King, for whom she seems not to have professed much affection or respect. This review of the various topics of the moment, in which, though the lighter elements predominated, more serious subjects were not wanting, abounding alike in vivid pictures, shrewd observation, and good-humored criticism, written in a lively, graceful, brilliant style, sometimes caustic, often witty, always in good taste, was read with avidity by the public of Paris, always on the *qui vive* for amusing gossip, and so greatly was the popularity of the *Presse* increased by the contributions of the elegant "Viscountess," that the shareholders of the journal at a meeting convened for that purpose, decided that, for each of these letters, the sum of \$100 should be paid to their author.

It was in 1839 that Madame de Girardin made her first appearance in the character of a dramatist; her *School for Journalists*, a comedy in five acts, and in verse, having been received without a dissenting voice, by the aristocratic Committee of the *Theatre Francaise*. The success of this play was very slight; but having formed an intimate friendship with Rachel, Madame de Girardin next wrote two tragedies, *Julius*, and *Cleopatra*, which were brought out respectively in 1843 and 1847. But though written with much elegance, and containing passages of unquestionable merit, both are so deficient in scenic interest that not even the magnificent acting of the greatest of modern tragedians could save them from failure.

The sympathies of Madame de Girardin, but slightly enlisted on behalf of the Constitutional Government of July, were still less favorable to the Republic which succeeded its overthrow. During the political disturbances that followed the Revolution of 1848, she wrote much and angrily on the conflicting interests and opinions of the time; to the great disappointment of her friends, who regretted the employment of so charming and brilliant a talent in the barren field of party strife. But the course of events, subsequent to 1852, having been unfavorable to the line of political action advocated by her husband, Madame de Girardin gradually relinquished the share she had previously taken in the editorship of the *Presse*, and returned to the more congenial sphere of purely literary creation.

Unfortunate as had been her first attempts at dramatic writing, Madame de Girardin was unable to renounce the hope of achieving ultimate success in this species of composition. She had produced, in 1851, a one act comedy, in verse, called *The Husband's Fault*, which had met with a far better reception on the part of the public, than the more ambitious attempts which had preceded it; and in 1853, a second comedy, called *Lady Tartuffe*, obtained a decided success. *Lady Tartuffe* was followed, the same year, by the appearance of two novels, *Marguerite*, or, *The Two Loves*, and *We Must Not Trifle With Sorrows*; which rank among the best of her productions. In 1854, Madame de Girardin brought out her one act, prose comedy, *Joy Has Its Dangers*, which took the sympathies of Paris by storm, and won for its author the most brilliant of her successes, and also *The Clockmaker's Hat*, a one act farce, as humorous as original, and that keeps the audience in a roar of laughter from the first scene to the last; a double triumph, which amply compensated for the disappointments that had followed her first attempts at dramatic writing, and that raised her to the highest rank among the playwrights of the day.

The talent of Madame de Girardin was now in its plenitude. Her later works had so utterly eclipsed, in solid and enduring merit, the highly-vaunted but far inferior productions of her youth, that her admirers felt fully justified in anticipating a long line of brilliant successes from her mature powers. But a fatal malady—cancer of the stomach—was already undermining her existence. The resources of medical science, and the affectionate devotion of her friends, were alike powerless to arrest the progress of the disease; and she died on the 29th of June, 1855, within a year after the achievement of her most brilliant literary success.

The early death of Madame de Girardin has left a void in Parisian society that will not easily be filled. Her grace, elegance and ready wit, her large and generous intelligence, her unwavering attachment to old friends, and her liberal welcome to new ones, with her remarkable social aptitudes, and the rare tact with which she did the honors of her drawing-room, all conspired to render her house the most

popular rendezvous of the capital. It may, indeed, be said that her drawing-room was the last representative of the traditional Parisian salon, such as it was in the last few generations preceding our own; for the art of "holding a salon," possessed in such perfection by the Boissierons, seems to be dying out from among the Frenchwomen of to-day, and with it the correlative "art of conversation," which probably depends more intimately than is generally imagined, upon it.

It is evident that the crowded assemblage now so much in vogue, must be unfavorable to the development of conversation, in the first place, because the people thus assembled are, for the most part, little known to one another, and, in the second place (and this point is perhaps the more important of the two), because they usually so far outnumber the seats provided for them. These seats being given up almost wholly to the "weaker sex," the ladies are thus made to form a circle, more or less formal, from which the gentlemen are practically excluded; and are consequently reduced to the necessity, if they talk at all, of talking to one another; while the gentlemen lean against the walls, or form groups in corners and about the doors, reduced, like the ladies, to remain silent, or to talk to one another. Nothing is more common now-a-days in Paris than the lamentations of house-mistresses over the separation between the sexes so generally to be seen at evening parties, and the decline of conversational talent. But if, instead of confining themselves to idle complaints of the stiffness and rapidity of their last soirees, these ladies would give themselves the trouble of reflecting upon the probable causes of the general dullness of evening parties unrelieved by dancing, they might possibly not find it so difficult as they might imagine to restore to these assemblies something of the charm which they have undoubtedly lost of late. For who has not been conscious, on entering a drawing-room, of the subtle but most powerful influence exerted on one's feelings, and even on one's intellectual condition, by the appearance and disposition of the room? Who, for instance, has not found oneself agreeably predisposed to the exercise of one's powers of speech by the sight of easy little groups of comfortable-looking seats? And who, on the contrary, has not felt both brain and tongue becoming paralyzed at the sight of a formidable circle of wide-spreading sofas, and outstanding masses of black broadcloth, forming two distinct camps, between which any attempt at parley seems impossible?

Listen to what Madame de Girardin, a sovereign authority on this matter, once replied to a complaining lady friend, whom she was trying to convince that, if people no longer converse at evening parties, with the animation and pleasure of other times, this change has resulted, in great measure, from the fact that, in most modern drawing-rooms, the seats are indisputably placed.

"The arrangement of a drawing-room," said Madame de Girardin to this complaining friend, "is like a piece of landscape-gardening; its apparent disorder is not the result of neglect, nor of chance, but is, on the contrary, the highest achievement of art, the result of the most skillful combination. There should be, in the drawing-room, clumps of chairs and sofas, as there are, in the garden, clumps of trees and shrubs. Don't turn your garden into a formal *parterre*; but make of it a landscape-garden, in the English style. If the seats in your drawing-room be symmetrically arranged, the first hours of your party will be unbearably dull; for just so long as the chairs are in regular order, all attempts at conversation will be cold and languishing. It is only towards the end of the evening, when the symmetrical arrangement of the seats has been broken up, when chairs and sofas have yielded to the necessities and interests of the company, that conversation can spring up among the guests, and their meeting can become agreeable. And it is just when they are thus beginning to enjoy themselves, that they will be compelled, by the lateness of the hour, to go away! Do you wish to know what you must do in order to make your parties pleasant? You must study the disorder in which your drawing-room is left when your guests have retired. This disorder is most eloquent; listen to its teachings. Look at the chairs. See how they are grouped in the way most convenient for conversation. The different groups seem really to have remained where they are in order to enjoy a little chat among themselves after the guests had gone away. Instead of putting them back stiffly into their places, respect their ingenious grouping; and let the disorder of their position at the end of a soiree, be a lesson to you how to place them, before your next party, ready for your guests."

With the art of arranging sympathetically one's drawing-room chairs, that of choosing and harmonizing the guests who are to occupy them, should, of course, be combined; and this double talent was possessed by Madame de Girardin in a pre-eminent degree. Her voice was clear; her enunciation graceful, rapid, and prompt; her conversation sparkling, lively, and striking, and she had the art of always saying the right thing at the right time. She had a merry, hearty laugh, and a kindly way of bringing out to the best advantage the talents of those around her, and of putting them at their ease.

On passing into womanhood, her girlish beauty had ripened and improved. Her features, somewhat too sharply defined during her girlhood, were softened and harmonized by the fuller development of maturity. She was tall and large in person; the proportions of her figure being rather majestic than elegant. That she rejoiced in the conscious possession of beauty, she has candidly confessed in many of her earlier poems; and it was probably true of her after her life; for the love of beauty, elegance, refinement, was one of her distinguishing characteristics. But she was certainly neither proud nor vain of her personal charms, and appears to have regarded them rather as being good and agreeable in themselves, than as matter for personal glorification. Her grace of movement was enhanced by a dignity which seemed perfectly natural and unaffected; and a certain simplicity and severity both of dress and manner, imparted an additional charm to the richness which, in after life, she liked to display in the one, and the habitual animation and spontaneity of the other.

Equally fond of writing and of society, no one ever saw her with a pen in her hand, nor did the earliest visitor ever catch her in slumber. Like Mozart, she invariably made her toilet before beginning to write; and even when most deeply busied in the creation of a novel or a play, she was always elegantly dressed, and ready, at any moment, to receive and enjoy a visit. Those who saw her most frequently affirm that she never showed a trace either of ink or of pre-occupation; and that, while devoting a considerable portion of her time to writing, she never seemed to have anything to do.

The most distinguished writers and artists of the day were her constant associates and admirers; the one thing on which she seems to have prided herself being her wide circle of brilliant and affectionate friends, among whom were included Soule, De Balzac, George Sand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, De Musset, De Vigny, Mery, D'Orsay, Caharron, Chateaubriand, Gerard de Nerval, and a host of local celebrities. Several of these had formed a habit of calling upon her on their way home from the theatre or other scene of the evening's amusement, and were received by her in her bedroom—tastefully furnished as a parlor, and the bed concealed in an alcove, as is the fashion in France—where a dozen luxurious arm-chairs were always placed round a blazing fire, ready for these extemporized visits, which, commencing about midnight, were often prolonged until two or three o'clock in the morning. These unceremonious midnight visits of her most intimate friends, during which the guests discussed with the hostess the news of the day, talked of their own works and projects, and those of their neighbors, struck out new ideas or compared notes upon old ones, seem to have constituted Madame de Girardin's most valued social pleasure.

Keenly alive as was Madame de Girardin to the satisfaction of social enjoyment and intellectual companionship, and brilliantly as she played her part in the sphere which she had created for herself, it is nevertheless to be regretted that she should have allowed her intellect to be so exclusively monopolized by the peculiar forms of Parisian life. Fed and flattered from her earliest years, her native goodness and simplicity preserved her, to a great degree, from the injurious effects which such a diet of sweetmeats and syllabub must have produced in the case of a mental and moral temperament less healthily constituted than her own; but it is probable that she possessed capabilities for work of a much higher order than anything she actually accomplished, and that these remained dormant for want of a nearer acquaintance with the serious realities and aspirations which lie beyond the ephemeral interests of the drawing-room region in which she passed her life, and from which her inspirations—even in her best and most useful efforts—were principally drawn.

But while regretting the somewhat superficial character of her productions, it must be admitted that her last works are so greatly superior, both in pathos and in power, to their predecessors, as to warrant the belief that, had her life been prolonged, she would have left behind her the elements of a solid and lasting fame.

Her poetic compositions, notwithstanding the success they met with on their first appearance, are, as already remarked, very inferior to her prose, and would probably now be voted unreadable by most people. The general style of these pieces may be inferred from the opening couplet of the first of them which obtained the honors of Academic approval:—

"Ye blessed Seraphim, celestial throngs,  
Suspend, oh moment, your delicious songs."

The most pretensions of her rhyming compositions are the unsuccessful tragedies which she wrote for Rachel, and which undoubtedly contain many passages of neat and clever writing; while the most poetic is perhaps the "Song to the Night."

The profound sadness and weariness of life, the moral gloom and hopelessness, so eloquently expressed in the verses just mentioned, seem to have constituted a mental mood with which, amidst the social and intellectual excitement that surrounded her, Madame de Girardin was not unfamiliar; and this state of despondency appears to have deepened with the progress of her malady, until the intensity of her yearning for some conclusive proof of the continuance of our existence beyond the grave, led her to throw herself with feverish ardor into the practice of "table-rapping" and its kindred exercises. During the last year of her life, she passed several hours daily in conversing with the unseen intelligences with whom she believed herself to be thus brought into communication.

Through the severe suffering of the last stage of her illness, she retained full possession of all her faculties, and was able to receive her more intimate friends until a very short period before her termination. The gifts which some fairy godmother seemed to have showered around her in her cradle, retained their charm to the close of her career. Graceful, elegant, and keenly alive to external impressions to the last, her thoughts were so clear, her conversation so vivid and energetic, even in her latest moments, that the few who were admitted to her presence, knowing that her hours were numbered, always quitted her sofa with as much admiration as regret.

One of her last wishes was that her life might be prolonged until she should have heard the musical plash of a fountain which she was having made under a fine old horse-chestnut tree outside her window, under which she had been fond of sitting. The idea of this fountain had been in her mind for years, as a thing to be placed under her favorite tree some time or other; and when she found that her life was closing, she pressed forward the execution of this project with all the eagerness of a dying wish. But it was too late. Before the much-desired fountain could be got ready to play, the spirit that had summoned it into existence had departed.

Recessively fond of flowers, she requested, in the brief and touching will she drew up shortly before her death, that "if she died in the spring, a few flowers might be laid upon her grave," and those who were with her when she died, remember that, with almost her latest breath, she spoke of flowers.

Laying out of view certain obscure particulars of her private history, of which it would be difficult for those who did not know her personally, to arrive at a just appreciation, and which the public eye has no right to scan, such was the life, and such the death, of the distinguished woman who was, for so many years, the centre of the most brilliant literary circle of the French capital.

In obedience to her often-expressed desire, the obsequies of Madame de Girardin were performed with the utmost simplicity; but so general was the regret evoked by her death, and so great was the concourse assembled at her funeral, that it may be said, almost without exaggeration, that all Paris followed her mortal remains to the grave. QUANTUM.

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Official Correspondence.—The following is the correspondence between the President and Queen Victoria, relative to the visit of the Prince of Wales:

To Her Majesty, Queen Victoria.—I have learned from the public journals that the Prince of Wales is about to visit your Majesty's North American dominions. Should it be the intention of His Royal Highness to extend his visit to the United States, I need not say how happy I should be to give him a cordial welcome to Washington.

You may be well assured that everywhere in this country he will be greeted by the American people in such a manner as cannot fail to prove gratifying to your Majesty. In this they will manifest their deep sense of your domestic virtues as well as of their convictions of your merit as a wife, patriotic, and constitutional sovereign. Your Majesty's most obedient servant, JAMES BUCHANAN.

Washington, June 2, 1880.

My Good Friend:—I have been much gratified at the feeling which prompted you to write to me, inviting the Prince of Wales to come to Washington. He intends to return from Canada through the United States, and it will give him great pleasure to have an opportunity of testifying to you in person that these feelings are fully reciprocated by him. He will thus be able at the same time to mark the respect which he entertains for the Chief Magistrate of a great and friendly State and kindred nation.

The Prince will drop all royal state on leaving our territory, and travel under the name of Lord Renfrew, as he has done when travelling on the continent of Europe.

The Prince Consort wishes to be kindly remembered to you. I remain ever your good friend, VICTORIA R.

JAMES, THE NOVELIST.—It is always pleasant to learn that the virtues an author prizes are the virtues he practices. Especially is it so when the author is a romantic, and, as such, is commonly considered to recommend generosity of conduct which he does not support in his own life. The following incident from the life of Mr. James proves that the man and the writer were one, that he was capable of doing practically what he was capable of representing fictionally.

When Mr. James was a young man, his cousin was about to marry the daughter of an eminent lawyer of the time, and the title-deeds of this gentleman's estate were, at the request of the father of the young lady, submitted to his examination. The lawyer discovered that the parents of the gentleman, although moving in the best society of London, had never been married. Mr. James was made acquainted with this awkward fact, and at the same time informed that he himself was the holder of the title.

The great public scramble called a ball, which was held there but a few days before the exit of the Japanese, demonstrated that even life is unsafe there without a more efficient police. They have accordingly appropriated the sum of £20,000 to be distributed to the police, according to the number of men employed, and the number of days in service. The Japanese were in Philadelphia seven days, and 711 men were on the police force. The police of this city received \$1,300. In Washington, 160 men, for twenty-four days, got \$2,650. In Baltimore, 400 men, one day, \$300. In New York, 1,596 men, thirteen days, got \$13,750.

SOME FEEL LEFT FOR BRIBED POLICE.—Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, of Boston, on the 27th of June, celebrated her professional "silver wedding"; that is, the 25th anniversary of the date when she commenced the practice of medicine. Her house was ornamented with flowers, evergreens, pictures, and statues, with appropriate mottoes on every spot. Her bedchamber—furnished with the same old chairs, couch, bed, even to the toilet-table and pillow-case, as at the period of her birth—was adorned with appropriate emblems and mottoes. One small room was sacred to her friends in the spirit land; and portraits, wreaths, or vases of flowers, pressed leaves of grasses, and affectionate sentiments, told the story of loving remembrance. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the formal exercises commenced by the entrance into her parlor of Dr. Hunt, preceded by a band of girls in pure attire; there was then prayer and music, and religious and literary exercises. A ring of gold was presented from the managers of the Hospital for Women and Children. In the evening, there was tea, dancing, reading of correspondence, and a graceful hilarity. Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, was present.

NEW YORK OFFICIALS.—Mr. Alderman Hoebel, of New York, and two city officials, Ketcham and Green, are reported to have attempted to take unwarrantable liberties with the wife and daughter of an ex-convict, whom they had invited to a sail on the bay. The women screamed, were put ashore and the gentlemen sailed off. The whole affair is a fitting commentary upon the morals and manners of the sort of people who are made aldermen and councilmen of it. It was but a few days ago, that a couple of these beautiful "city fathers" were engaged in a pugilistic encounter in Jones's Woods; and now, here they are figuring in an attempt to commit rape.

A pompous parish clergyman felt his dignity mightily offended by a chubby-faced lad who passed him without touching his hat. "Do you know who I am, that you pass me in that unmannerly way? You are better fed than taught, I think." "Why, may be it is so, master, for you teaches me, but I feeds myself."

## THE CATTLE DISEASE: HISTORY OF THE DISTEMPER.

The alarm occasioned by the prevailing pulmonary murrain among cattle, invades the history of that distemper with a peculiar interest. The following article, copied from the Hartford *Homesstead*, is of present value:

Rev. Daniel Lindley, of the Zelco country, South Africa, missionary of the American Board, was present in New Haven on Wednesday, at which time we had the satisfaction of meeting him in company with the gentlemen from Massachusetts, and several others especially interested in this subject. In a conversational way, occasionally interrupted by questions, he told his story of what he had seen of this disease in Southern Africa.

Mr. Lindley's manner is straightforward, cool, earnest, and convincing. There is no appearance of exaggeration, and all who see and hear him are sure of his facts and his belief.

Mr. Lindley said it was a short story and a sad one. The disease was introduced five years ago from Holland, and in two years spread thirteen thousand miles up the coast and into the interior, literally blotting out the most stock of the country. A great portion of the wealth of the natives and of the Dutch farmers who are scattered through that entire region, consists of cattle. They are fed in droves, and accompanied by herdsmen. There are no fences. Trading in cattle is very extensively carried on, and they are used as draught animals very much.

A full blood Dutch bull was imported for the improvement of the native stock, by a gentleman of Cape Town. This bull had the disease, and after infecting several herds, living a few months or weeks, he coughed painfully, his lungs decayed and he died.

In general the symptoms of the malady are, after some eight weeks have elapsed since the exposure—first, a starting coat, then a light lung cough, followed next by a deep consumptive cough, given with the neck outstretched, so as to make a straight passage from the lungs outward; after this they stop feeding, fall, and die.

The spread was very rapid. Unprincipled men would sell their diseased stock, in some cases driving it far into unaffected regions; thus it traversed 13,000 miles in two years, destroying hundreds of thousands of cattle.

The question was asked, what is the state of the cattle that are left or passed over? Mr. Lindley said there are none, they are all swept away. He said he had known of one animal to get well, and had heard of others in a few cases, but literally they were all cleared out.

As the disease approached the district where he lived, at once it "jumped" two hundred miles or more, being brought thus within sixty miles of his people. This was done by two native cattle-traders, who bought five head of diseased stock, and drove them two hundred miles, and then mixed them with a herd of eighty or more.

Mr. Lindley became thoroughly alarmed at the approach of the malady, and on the chief was holding at that very time a council of his people, he (Mr. Lindley) went before them, and fully explained to them the contagious nature of the disease, and how they might guard against it, and so alarmed them that, with the aid of the chief's authority, they at once cut off all communication between their own and the next cattle outside their bounds.

The people inhabit a valley and the sides of the neighboring hills. From his description we should judge it to be quite thickly settled by a comparatively civilized people.

The disease soon appeared on their bounds, but as all were prevented bringing cattle over the ridges on the hills and the other pounds of the district, they enjoyed entire freedom from it among their cattle, while within sight the cattle of the neighboring region could be seen at times lying dead in the fields.

Mr. Lindley remained after this three years in that country, and during this time and afterwards, so far as he knows, the same entire exemption was maintained. Sometimes the natives would be obliged to turn out armed with spears, etc., to drive back those who were determined to bring their cattle into the valley. "Ritual vigilance is the price of freedom" in this as in other matters. Recently the British Government has opened a great Government Road through this country, and the result, it is feared, will be that the people will be able no longer to keep the disease out.

The Dutch farmers, who were extensive cattle breeders, have now gone to keeping sheep very extensively, and this is, we think, without doubt, the cause of the appearance of great quantities of "Cape wool" in the market. A question was asked in regard to the hides, etc., whether Mr. L. thought the disease might be communicated by them. He told, in answer, the story of a farmer who had a large herd and folded them every night within the group of houses of his dependents. These houses are arranged in a circle, and it is termed a kraal. Within this the cattle are driven at night. The man has been at great pains to keep his stock from exposure to the disease, but was very unpopular with the neighboring natives. One morning he found a single horn in the kraal, evidently thrown in during the night. Right weeks from that time his cattle showed the disease, and he lost them all.

Mr. Lindley described a process of inoculation, by which the disease was implanted in the tail of sound animals, and in many cases so affected their systems, that they would, after their recovery, be no more liable to take it in their lungs. This is done by making an incision in the animal's tail, and inserting a portion of a diseased lung. The tail swells up, and the disease goes up the tail to the body, and the hinder parts swell and become most disgusting. The secret need opening, and the animals careful nursing. They generally lose their tails, and have a terrible time of it. The number that recover is about sixteen out of twenty, if the animals are young or vigorous, healthy, and in low flesh. The inoculation is certain death to fat cattle, and cows in full milk or with calf. It is now a matter of speculation to go into regions not yet affected, and buy up the most promising animals, inoculate them, and then drive them into the cattle-

ous region for sale. These are the only cattle they now have, but they are perfectly diseased, and where the disease is all about them.

We consider it most providential that Mr. Lindley is in this part of the country at the present time, and most commensurate that the officers of the A. B. C. F. M. will permit his stay in Connecticut and Massachusetts for the present, that we may have the benefit of his counsel and experience. It was thought, indeed, the spirit and hands of Mr. Wilson, and instead of despairing, he went home in renewed strength, determined upon visiting such a state of feeling that a call for a special session of the Massachusetts Legislature would be turned at once, when adequate provision for the story of the disease could be made. The impression made by Mr. Lindley upon our own Legislature was very great, and we hope for efficient and prompt action.

"Ah," said Mr. Lindley, "if I could, I will take the heart out of every ailing man; they will wilt right down under it."

## POLITICAL NEWS.

THE DEMOCRATIC PAPER.—The *N. Y. Herald* publishes a list of Democratic papers, showing their political preferences. From this it appears that there are for Brookridge, Northern papers, 31; Southern, 146. For Douglas, Northern papers, 141; Southern, 81. Total, as by this list, Brookridge, 177; Douglas, 163.

THE GERMAN PAPER.—In 1866 the Republicans had but one German paper in Indiana; now they have six. The *Democrat* has but one. The *Illinois State Journal* gives a list of sixty-nine German papers in the country that have raised the *German* and *Reinhold* flags.

VIRGINIA.—The State Democratic Executive Committee have called a State Democratic Convention, to meet at Charlottesville, on the 16th of August, to adopt measures for the settlement of the party difficulties at present existing.

ARIZONA, DISSENT.—A gentleman who left New York for Europe, just before the meeting of the Baltimore Convention, gave one of our most eminent portrait painters a commission to paint a portrait of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, let him be whom he might; but the painter artist is now in a quandary, as he does not know which of the two candidates to paint, whether Douglas or Breckinridge.

LOUISIANA.—The Breckinridge (Ind.) Independent states that Hon. T. A. Hendricks, Democratic candidate for Governor, and the rest of the gentlemen on the ticket which he heads, have declared for Mr. Douglas.

PHILADELPHIA.—Hon. Richard Yates, of Philadelphia, one of the gentlemen on the Democratic ticket, has been invited to deliver a lecture on the merits of the Democratic ticket, at the request of some of our most eminent portrait painters a commission to paint a portrait of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, let him be whom he might; but the painter artist is now in a quandary, as he does not know which of the two candidates to paint, whether Douglas or Breckinridge.

MISSOURI.—The *Atlanta (Ga.) Southern Confederacy*, which gave "black and white" of southern merchants, a few months ago, has come out for Douglas.

DEMOCRATIC MAJORITY.—In Virginia, in the last Governor's election, Leakey (Dem.) had 5,569 majority. In North Carolina, the Democratic majority last year was nearly 7,000. In Kentucky, in 1866, the Democratic majority was 7,256. In Tennessee, in 1866, 8,000. In Louisiana, in 1866, 1,466. In Oregon, in 1866, over 18,000.

OHIO.—The Jacksonville (Gleaner) Sentinel, says that the official vote of every county, except Waco, has been received, and gives Mr. Child, the Administration Democratic candidate, a majority over Logan of 36 votes. The vote of Waco county will increase the Democratic majority.

The Legislature will be in favor of the Opposition by from 8 to 10 votes on a joint ballot, thus securing the election of a Republican and Anti-Leopold Democratic Senator in the National Legislature. Another account, however, says that the Administration Democrats are in a majority of two on a joint ballot.

NEW YORK.—The Constitutional Union State Convention was moderately attended. It endorsed the nominations of Bell and Everett, and a committee of four from each district was appointed to form an Electoral Ticket in such a manner as may best unite all the national men and promote the election of the candidates of the party. This is said to look to a union with the Douglas Democrats.

ILLINOIS.—The Breckinridge Democratic Convention, in Illinois, has nominated a full and separate State ticket for Governor and other State officers, and for Presidential Electors.

MISSOURI.—The *Citizens Public Advertiser*, in Lexington, an independent daily paper, having hoisted the Union flag, and announced that it would give its reasons for so doing, the next morning, was suppressed at once by a popular movement, and its further publication interdicted.

TEXAS.—The *Augusta Chronicle* hears that General Houston has declared for Bell and Everett. This is evidently a mistake. The news in Texas on behalf of General Houston is now being prosecuted with great vigor.—*Press*.

CALIFORNIA FAILURES.—The heavy failure of Brewster & Co., produced a great sensation in San Francisco. It is believed that their assets will pay all their indebtedness, amounting to \$350,000.

Much anxiety is felt in anticipation of other failures, but well informed merchants believe that all the principal houses are sound.

Messrs. Raymond & Co., engaged in the grain business, had also failed, with liabilities amounting to \$25,000.

Business was dull, though money was abundant at unchanged rates.

The population of Providence, Rhode Island, is about 50,000 by the census just taken—a decrease.

Didler invited two or three to take a drink, and was telling big stories about himself. "Come," said one of the party, "you have told us what you can do; now tell us what you cannot do." "Well, that's easily done," replied Didler, "I can't pay for the drinks you have just had."

Tom, during his last tour to Niagara, in company with Smash, saw an Indian hewing a small piece of timber, with a view to making canoe. "Pray, sir," said Smash, "to what tribe do you belong?" "The Chip-away tribe," replied the Indian, without looking up to give his interrogator one smile.

When locomotive boilers explode, the engine is seldom thrown from the rails, unless the roof of the fire box is crushed down, so that the discharging force of the steam lifts the hind end of the engine.

He who has never experienced the affectionate bitterness of love, who has never known low earnest irony and passionate sarcasm may be the very language of love, in its deepest, saddest moods, is utterly incapable of even judging this passion.

At a printers' festival the following toast was given:—"The Editor and the Lawyer.—The devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but requires the original of the latter."



## WHAT ONE YEAR BROUGHT.

If they had told me a year ago,  
As I lay, all dead, at my darling's feet,  
That my heart would become so cold and  
dead,  
And one year more would come when we meet—  
If they had told me the treasured love  
Would be betrayed and shrank in the lonely  
room,  
That love, and devotion, and tenderness  
Would become but life's dream—  
If they had told me the ring you wore  
(Well chosen, the opal's changing hue)  
Would be lying crushed at my feet on the floor  
For the stone that it bound me to you—  
If they had told me your love was a lie,  
That your faith was fustian, and false your  
heart—  
That you would change ev'rything to come, and I  
Should give more for your tears, and depart—  
I should have said, with a laugh, that the sun  
Would be dark, the little tottering, and shallow  
the sea:  
This short year through its course and its round has  
run,  
Yet you are wedded, and I am free.  
W. W. M.

## THE LADY AND THE ROBBER.

## A REMARKABLE STORY.

In a large, lonely house, situated in the south of England, there once lived a lady and her two maid servants. They were far away from all human habitation, but they seemed to have felt no fear, but to have dwelt there peacefully and happily. It was the lady's custom every evening to go to the windows and look out upon the night. One night she had accompanied them as usual, and ascertained that all was safe. They left her in the passage close to her room, and then went to their own, which was quite at the outside of the house. As the lady opened the door, she distinctly saw a man under the bed. What could she do? Her servants were far away, and could not hear her if she screamed for help, and even if they had come to her assistance, those three weak women were no match for a desperate house-breaker. Now, then, did she not? She trusted in God. Quietly she closed the door, and locked it on the inside, which she was always in the habit of doing. She then hastily brushed her hair, and putting on her dressing gown, she took her Bible and sat down to read. She read aloud, and when she came to a chapter that had peculiar reference to God's watchfulness over us, and constant care of us by night and by day. When it was finished, she knelt and prayed at great length, still uttering her words aloud, especially commending herself and servants to God's protection and dwelling upon their utter helplessness, and dependence upon Him to preserve them from all danger. At last she came from her room, put out her candle, and laid down in bed; but she did not sleep. After a few minutes had elapsed, she was conscious that the man was standing by her bedside. He begged of her not to be alarmed. "I come here to tell you, but after the words you have read, and the prayers you have uttered, no power on earth could induce me to hurt you, or touch a thing in your house. But you must remain perfectly quiet and not attempt to interfere with me. I shall now give a signal to my companions, which they will understand, and then we will go away and you may sleep in peace, for I give you my solemn word no one shall harm you, and not the smallest thing belonging to you shall be disturbed." He then went to the window, opened it, and whistled softly. Returning to the lady's side (who had not spoken or moved) he said, "Now I am going. Your prayer has been heard, and no disaster will befall you." He left the room, and soon all was quiet, and the lady fell asleep, still upheld by that calm and beautiful faith and trust. When the morning dawned, and she awoke, she may feel she poured out her thanksgivings and praise to Him who had "defended" her "under His wings," and "kept" her "safe under His feathers," so that she was not "afraid of any terror by night." The man was true to his word, and not a thing in the house had been taken. Oh! shall we not hope that his heart was changed from that day forth, and that he forsook his evil courses, and cried to that Saviour, "who came to seek and to save that which is lost," and even on the cross did not reject the penitent thief. From this story let us learn to put our whole trust and confidence in God. This lady's courage was indeed wonderful; but "the Lord was her defence upon her right hand," and "with Him all things are possible."—*London Packet.*

## ADDITIONAL.

We have received an extract from a letter fully corroborating the remarkable anecdote of "The Lady and the Robber." In our October number, and adding some facts that enhance the wonder and mystery of her escape. We quote the words of the letter:—"In the first place the robber told her that if she had given the slightest alarm or taken of resistance, he had fully determined to murder her; so that it was God's good guidance that told her to follow the course she took." Then before he went away, he said: "I must have the book you read out of," and carried off her Bible, willingly or against her will, you may be sure. This happened many years ago, and only comparatively recently did the lady hear any more of him. She was attending a religious meeting in Yorkshire, where after several noted clergy and others had spoken, a man arose, stating that he was employed as one of the book-hawking of the society, and told the story of the wonderful power of the word of God. He concluded, "I was that man." The lady rose from her seat in the hall, and said quietly, "It is all quite true. I was that lady," and sat down again.—*London Packet.*

As an ignorant man who "stands upon his dignity," is like the fellow who tried to straddle himself by standing upon a piece of brown paper.

## THE CONJUROR.

BY DAVID PRINCE MILLER.

THE VANISHING CHILD TRICK.—This experiment is performed by means of a trick-table, notwithstanding a cloth hangs in front of the table, which is lifted up, showing the audience that there is nothing under it, and no apparent preparation. The table has a trap on the surface top, large enough to admit of a person getting through it; it is made in two halves. A large basket, as tall as the child who is placed upon the table, covered with the basket. A pistol is fired; the basket is shown empty, and the child gone. Immediately on the basket being covered over, the boy or girl gets through the trap. Where does he go to? The table has a second top, which fits exactly underneath the top; it is held up by strong India rubber bands, one at each corner. When the vanishing individual opens one half of the trap, and places his foot upon the underneath top, he forces it down to its position, viz: upon four small projections or shoulders, one upon each leg of the table, and lies himself down upon this shelf. The shelf, of course, is not pressed down, any further than that the drapery which hangs around it can conceal it; it is generally the last trick the conjuror performs. The curtain down, the mysterious disappearance of course releases himself from his narrow prison; but I have seen it done by causing a reappearance. In that case, the basket is placed upon the table a second time, and the concealed child regains his position under the basket.—The conjuror then lifts the drapery a second time, and nothing is seen under the table, because, of course, when the weight is taken off the trick shelf, the India-rubber bands spring it up close underneath the top of the table.

I have seen and conversed with gentlemen from India, who relate most extraordinary accounts of the jugglers in that country, and the following is the description I have had of the basket and child trick, as performed by them. A party of jugglers request and obtain permission to perform in an open square, the barrack yard. The juggler has no table or apparent apparatus to aid him in his trick. He performs a number of marvellous which would make the fortune of any conjuror in this country, and then he introduces the basket and child trick. A little black fellow, who has been assisting him in his various experiments, commits some fault; the juggler gets into a furious rage, takes the child savagely up, dashes him on the ground, covers him with the basket, draws his sword, plunges it into the basket, cries are heard, and when the sword is drawn from the basket it is dripping and reeking with blood. The juggler, still furious, gives the basket a violent kick, which goes spinning away. Its empty; the child is not there. The juggler assumes an attitude of astonishment, presently starts, points to a particular part of his ring of spectators; the little black fellow is seen emerging from among them, runs to his master, who takes him in his arms, kisses him, and thus ends the performance.—My informant told me that the man so well acted his part, that had it not been for the circumstances of a guard (which was placed over them at the request of the performers) being there to keep the crowd off and to protect them, that the audience were so excited that they would have laid violent hands upon them. I have no doubt but that this performance, as described, did take place. How, then, could it be accomplished? The performer is surrounded by his audience. Every movement back and front can be seen. How did he perform his trick? The only way in which I can imagine it is as thus:—In the first place, supposing the basket to have a cloth lining painted similar to the basket work, and that at the top of such basket a leather strap was firmly fixed in the form of a festoon, so that the child could lean his stomach over, his legs hanging over one side, and his head and arm on the other, and then, by touching a spring or pulling a string, the lining would completely conceal the child; the juggler kicks the basket violently, the boy inside favors the motion of the basket, and away it goes spinning along. The child is then seen emerging from the crowd—the attention of the spectators is directed to it, and the assistants of the juggler at this particular moment remove the basket to their baggage heap, caravan, or whatever it may be, and the prisoner from the basket is released. There are, I consider, two children to perform this trick. We will suppose, among a miscellaneous assemblage of auditors, that one has a loose dress, and that under this dress may be concealed a second child. A belt round the body and a pair of stirrups would easily effect this. The child would grasp his concealment round the waist, put its feet in the stirrups, and ride at ease, releasing itself at a given signal. As the sword being plunged through the basket is a very easy matter. A little rose-pink and sponge would produce the effect of blood, and, as to the reeking, imagination goes a long way to assist all such proceedings. Of course these Indian conjurers are like ourselves at home—it's all deception; and I think the above idea as to how it is done, or something like it, is a plausible view of the matter.—*London Field.*

## THE HARMONY OF MOTION.

The ancients were right in connecting the idea of motion with harmony and music, and even with the act of creation itself. Motion is the great equalizer and balancer-keeper. The school-boy will tell his book on the end of his pencil without being at all particular about the centre of gravity; and it makes no difference, where he starts his top, whether its axis be perpendicular or slanting, or whether it wobble or run true; its own motion corrects all aberrations, and brings it to the laws of spheres. Motion will keep a drunken man on his feet when he would collapse were he to assume the posture of the trees. The primary colors, painted upon a wheel, may, by motion, be blended into a perfect white.

Active duty hides and heals many defects in a man's character; harmonizes many disproportioned, smoothes down the too salient points, takes off here and puts on there, and rounds up and fills out. Astronomers tell us, that the rings of Saturn are very irregular in surface and unequal in thickness, but that their mo-

tion equalizes and balances them; so in life, action equalizes and balances the different elements, and keeps up the order and rhythm of thought. We look upon the second idea, which is becoming quite prevalent among men of science, that motion is the primary and normal condition of all matter, and not the temporary, accidental condition, as opposed to the old belief that rest is the primary state, as a great advance in scientific generalization, and as indicating that science is beginning to look beyond accident and detail, to law and unity, beyond appearance to a higher reality. How far motion is connected with the law of creation, or co-temporaneous with it, we do not consider; that all growth is motion, and all death is rest; that the earth, by constant revolutions, has grown up from chaos, at the poster's wheel from clay, to its present state of geological development; that fertilizing-pools become pure limpid water by motion; that man acquires new properties to the use; that the health and strength of the system are preserved by exercise; and that from motion spring the law and harmony of the universe.

## BLUNDERS OF LAWYERS.

Although the lawyers, as a rule, are extremely careful in drawing legal documents, some very fatal blunders have been made by them. One of the most eminent overland lawyers that ever graced the English bar, once, in drawing a will made so fatal a mistake that it deprived the party whom he was specially and most anxiously instructed to benefit, of no less a sum than £14,000 a year, and this merely by the omission of the single word "Oleander." Lord Denman made his own will, and made a mull of it. The late Mr. Justice Croker also drew his own will, but omitted to execute it in proper form. We recollect another rather remarkable blunder made by the lawyers, which happened, comparatively speaking, very recently. Lincoln's Inn was exempted from poor-rates as extra-parochial, and the bounds were set out in a private act of Parliament, but, from oversight or carelessness, the lawyers omitted the garden; the consequence was, that the buildings thereon were rated to the poor at £4,000 per annum. Another blunder, and a judicial one, too, had rather a curious result. Not many years ago, Lord Chief Baron Pollock, at the Monmouth Assizes, in order to get through the business, assigned the trial of several criminal cases to Sergeant Allen, who accordingly took his seat on the bench. When he had disposed of some twelve or fifteen cases, it was discovered that the learned sergeant's name had not been mentioned in the commission, and that consequently his powers as a judge were about as great as those of the crier of the court. All the criminals had therefore to be retried by the Lord Chief Baron, when one of them, who had been sentenced to fifteen years' transportation, on his first conviction, escaped with only seven on the second. We will just mention one more instance. In the will of that celebrated old Londoner, Mr. Arkwright, there is a line perhaps more valuable than any one line that was ever before or will ever again be written; it is—"I bequeath to my son-in-law, Sir R. Wigram, one million sterling." Now, Sir R. Wigram had married Mr. Arkwright's daughter; the testator was desirous of benefiting that daughter and her husband, and therefore made the bequest as above stated. I am not aware whether the will was drawn by a professional man or not, but very probably it was. Now, had old Mr. Arkwright left the one million sterling to his daughter, instead of her husband, the bequest would have been materially the same, for the husband would have a right to the legacy directly it was paid to the wife. The testator, however, thought proper to give to his son-in-law, whereupon let us see the consequences. Had the testator bequeathed the money to Lady Wigram, she, being a daughter, would have had £1 per cent. legacy duty to pay—that would be £10,000; but having given the legacy to his son-in-law, who was not a blood-relationship, £10 per cent. legacy duty had to be paid, which of course amounted to £100,000. Thus, through ignorance or mistake, the sum of £90,000 was absolutely thrown away by a person who was careful of every farthing he received.

## SOWING HIS WILD OATS.

"Sowing his wild oats"—aye! sowing them deep  
In the heart of a mother to blossom in tears,  
And shadow with grief the decline of her years.  
"Sowing his wild oats," to sower the head  
Of the sire who watched his first pulse throbbing with  
joy.  
And whose voice went to heaven in prayer for 'the  
boy."  
"Sowing his wild oats," to spring up and choke  
The flowers in the garden of a sister, whose love  
Is as pure and as bright as the blue sky above.  
"Sowing his wild oats." Aye! cheeks shall  
grow pale  
And sorrow shall wither the heart of the wife  
When manhood thus squanders the prime of his  
life.  
"Sowing his wild oats." Death only shall reap  
With his keen sharpened scythe; the fruits will be  
found  
In the grave-yard near by, 'neath that grass-  
covered mound.

WOULD NOT TELL HER AUNT.—The late Lady Morgan baffled every attempt to ascertain her exact age. In 1855, her biographer, Mr. Fitzpatrick, sent her an old newspaper, dated December, 1807, containing an extremely creditable notice from her pen. This was the answer he received:—"Lady Morgan presents Mr. Fitzpatrick her compliments and best thanks for the enclosure of her early (very early!) scrap of authorship written when she but 'lied in numbers.' She has no recollection of the letter he has sent her, but she remembers writing something of the same kind on behalf of the little sweeps of Dublin in her thirteenth year, which obtained notice from her friend, The Freeman." It turns out that when the lines were written, she was not in her thirteenth, but her thirty-third year, having been born in 1776.

How men admire woman as she is; a good many more as she isn't.

## THE TESTE.

Said Dr. Ostrander, (at the head of his profession in his own State): "If dentistry had reached its present perfection when I was a young man, the whole tenor of my life would have been altered."

Why?  
"I was addressing a young lady of great moral worth of unusual personal attractions, and the heiress of a large fortune. She had not reached her twentieth year. In a state of repose, her face was perfectly beautiful. But when she smiled, a set of teeth were presented, so discolored, so uneven, so defective and decayed, and the breath was so offensive, that I could not possibly reconcile it to myself to be limited for life to circumstances so repulsive. The very thought of it was abhorrent to me, so I gradually withdrew my attentions, and wedded poverty with a sweet mouth."

Charity may cover a multitude of sins; and a great estate may veil as great a multitude of personal defects, to the uneducated and the vulgar, but the wealth of Croesus could not reconcile a man of culture and refinement to a snaggle tooth and an odoriferous breath. In the matter of loquacity, nothing can compensate for the absence of beautiful teeth and a sweet breath. Hence, parents will perform to their children most important service by doing what they may to secure to them perfectly sound teeth, not only as an important means of preserving health, but as an invaluable aid in forming desirable alliances.

Two things are indispensable: First, from the age of four years, until marriage, have a good dentist to examine every tooth most minutely, several times a year; second, begin quite as early to impress the child with the importance of keeping the teeth clean, and how best to do it.

The tooth brush should be always used leisurely, for a slip or inadvertence may scale or break off a valuable tooth. Once or twice a week, the first or last brushing should be with pure white soap, thus: Wet the brush, and draw it several times across the soap, then put it in the mouth, rubbing the teeth until the mouth is full of foam, and for a minute or two employ the brush on the side of the teeth next the tongue, above and below, for it is there that tartar collects, to the eating away of the gums, and eventual falling out of the teeth. In most cases this tartar is deposited by a living creature, which is instantly destroyed by soap-suds, when tobacco-juice and the strongest acids have no effect.

Charcoal, even when made of the bark of wood, is one of the most destructive of all tooth powders. Eminent dentists agree in this; it finds its way between the teeth and the gums, and destroys both.

Almost all the tooth-powders have a strong acid of some kind, and this cleanses the teeth, but destroys their texture; this may be obviated to a great extent if, immediately after using any tooth-powder, the teeth are well brushed with soap, to antagonise any acid which may be left about them.

If the brush is used as above, powders will not be necessary more than two or three times a year; in our own case, common salt, once in two or three months, seems to have answered an excellent purpose; put on a damp brush, rubbed across and up and down the teeth. It is not advised to keep the teeth always of a pearly whiteness, for they may be cleaned so much as to be worn away. It would be a good plan for a dentist, once a year, to go over every tooth with powdered pumice-stone and a piece of soft wood. Bad teeth induce dyspepsia, from insufficient chewing of the food; they also corrupt the breath, and are frequently the causes of serious and distressing diseases; while good teeth not only beautify the face, but promote health and long life; hence, special care expended on their preservation will be repaid an hundred fold in the course of a life-time.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

## A WORD FOR THE NETTLE.

Growing on waste and neglected places, flourishing alike on breezy commons and in the dirty ditches of the suburbs of towns, the nettle has neither beauty or fragrance to recommend it to the ordinary observer. Yet it is well worth careful inspection on account of the beauty of its structure. True, it has a sting, but seize the plant hastily and it will give you little discomfort. The nettle is a very common, low-bred, vulgar plant, but, nevertheless, in its family and alliances may be found some of the noblest members of the vegetable kingdom; such are the bread-fruit tree, the mulberry, the hop, the hemp, the fig, the stately banyan, and the deadly opium. It has not been without its affectionate admirers as the following anecdote will testify: A worthy doricist (not a native of the south of England), was showing his greenhouse to some ladies, when one of them said to him, "What is that in the flower-pot? It is very like a nettle." "Indeed, ma'am, it is just a nettle, but it grew up so humbly, putting things that I could not think to put it." It is not for its botanical beauty or respectable connections that we wish to put in a word on behalf of the nettle, but for its uses, which are too much overlooked. Although growing everywhere, it is very partially appreciated, and then only by the economical. As an old wife's remedy—and a very good one too—it is used in scurvy, gout, jaundice, hemorrhage, paralysis, &c. Nettle-tea, as a spring drink, were it generally used, would frighten the proprietors of that much-advertised sarsaparilla of old Dr. Jacob Townsend. The stalks of the old nettles are little inferior to flax for making linen cloth, being used for that purpose in America, Siberia, Germany, and formerly in some parts of England and Scotland. The famous Indian grass cloth, Chu-ma, is woven from the straw of a nettle. An excellent remedy is made from the nettle. The expressed juice makes a permanent green dye for wool. The root boiled with alum, yields a good yellow dye. Nettles dried and used as fodder, are capital for cows, increasing the quantity and improving the quality of their milk. And one of the best of its virtues is, that if fish be packed in it, it preserves the color and bloom infinitely better than any other green or herbage dried or green. And yet not for these uses, but more especially for its ed-

ible qualities for human use, do we wish to say a word in favor of the poor nettle. It is as a pot herb that we would advance its use, and the spring is the best time for gathering nettles for that purpose. To say that it is recommended by London and Dover, is sufficient. It is said to resemble asparagus in flavor, but our experience would assimilate it with spinach, perhaps from the association of ideas, having eaten it dressed in a similar manner. The following is Dyer's method:—"Wash the nettle well, drain, put them in plenty of boiling water, with a little salt, boil for twenty minutes, drain, and chop them up, serve either plain, or put them in a pan, with a little salt, pepper, and butter, or a little fat and gravy from a roast, or add to a pound, two tea-spoonsful of flour, a gill of milk, and a tea-spoonful of sugar, and serve with or without poached eggs. And now, ye rich agriculturists, if this weed is still unworthy your notice, tell the poor to send their children to gather the nettles. They will prove a wholesome food, and as a spring diet, will be better relished by the little ones than the vernal brimstone and treacle."

## THE UPLAND PATH.

Wise men—or such as to the world seem wise, Picture old age the down-hill path of life, Dimmed by the vapors of a lower earth, Drawn from its stagnant waters. Nay, not so; But, rather, upward where the mountains stand Guarding the young green valleys, lies his way On whose broad front is set the crown of years. Silent, and filled with beauty, shall he go, As one who travels towards the source of streams. And, pondering thoughtfully comes unawares On landlocked tides, whose stilly waters keep The face of heaven in memory: Far below, The maddening rivers keep the seas in chase. Till the vast ocean beats the curbing shore; And, striving still for mastery, the rough winds Grapple the yielding arguies. Not for him Sounds their wild roar amid his calm of skies. Save when, perchance, some shriek of human woe Leaps to the clouds that roll beneath his feet. Touching the common nature in his heart, Unmoved he stands, and, in a trance of soul, 'Mid God-wind dreams, between the rifted peaks Beholds the face Divine. So, pressing on, Higher and higher still, and breathing still A clearer, purer air, he comes at length To earth's last foothold, and stands face to face With the great Change! Undaunted, undimmed, Though round him close the everlasting hills, And darkness falls upon him as a shroud, He casts his feeble frame on Nature's heart, That beats to his again; then, heavenward-bound, Sets firm his feet upon the Path of Souls.

E. L. HERVEY.

## DR. HALL, AN ANTI-MUSCLE-MAN.

"Small men, fragile men, men of little muscular vigor, may have good bodily health, and among such are found a vast excess in numbers of the opposite class, and in all ages and countries, who are the brightest of the world's bright stars. As a very general rule, it holds good—the bigger the man the bigger fool he is. Who ever saw a giant who was remarkable for anything beyond the size of his body? While the smallness of his head, and the little that is in it, is a notable thing. Both body and brain need vital force; the mind is great in proportion as that vital force is expended in the brain, but if it is used up in developing the muscles, the brain must suffer. If one expects to make his living by the exercise of muscular strength, let him, as a boy and a youth, develop that strength by steady labor and a regular and temperate life; if it is his wish to make money by legwork, by monkey capers, by rope-walking, by marvellous poses and astonishing feats of ground and lofty tumbling, then the gymnasium is a very proper place for him, and it is well that the energies of the system should be expended in the direction of the muscles; but if he aims at a professional life, one which is to be followed as a means of living, he must exercise the mental, not the muscular powers; to the brain, and not to the beef, must the energies of the system be sent, in order that, by their exercise, the brain may be developed and the mind work with power. Are our embryo doctors, and lawyers and clergymen going to make Tom Hyers and Bill Poles and Yankee Sullivan of themselves? Does the ability of a jurist depend on the amount of beef he carries? Is a physician's skill to be determined by the hardness of his muscles? Is a clergyman's efficiency measured by the agility of his monkey capers, by his dexterity in hanging on to a beam by his hind leg, and swing up to touch his nose against the big toe of 'tother foot? A man's intellectuality does not depend on the amount of brute force which he possesses."

## NICK DISCRIMINATION.

"I like a nice flirtation,  
By the light of a chandelier,  
With music to fill up the pauses,  
And nobody very near."

Very likely!—says Quill—but it isn't good for you, and it's bad for the girl, too. Not that a little genuine coquetry is unlawful; by no means. Coquetry and flirtation is as different as diamonds and paste. "Coquetry (says the Marvel—a marvellous good judge of the matter) is natural and becoming to a woman, while flirtation is false and deceitful, and never came of a true heart." The distinction is worth making, for it is founded in a positive difference. Coquetry is but a significant form of maiden modesty. It is sly, bashful and cautious; hinting a love which it is not bold enough to avow; and teasing a lover whom it dare not careen. But flirtation is a delusion and a fraud from beginning to end. It is born of vanity, nursed by pride, and usually dies of mortification. It is a game in which both players cheat, and both invariably lose. Of course it is not worth the candle. Worst of all, like "the illicit love," to which it often leads,

"It hardens all within, and petrifies the feeling." Therefore, leave flirting to people already blessed with their own vices; and keep your heart open for the true love that shall yet be its welcome guest.

Put your money into a box if you like, but not a dice box.

## LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Man is said to be incapable of detaching happiness except by means of negatives; the absence of pain, of want, of fear, of opposition, and so forth, constituting his only conception of the beatitude of Heaven itself. Something of the same imperfection attaches to every theory yet started on the brittle theme of marriage. Ask what should be its aim? What its conditions? and out of the infinite variety of replies received, by far the greater number will take the negative form; for each reflecting speaker will think he discerns the cause of failure in most cases which have fallen under his observation; where in the few instances results of striking brilliancy have been achieved, he is at a loss to discover the precise method of production. Suppose the inquiry addressed to the chief of these personages, here are some of the replies which we should obtain:—

"Don't marry for money," says Hyacinth Loyerester, with a fond glance at his wife; "it is not every man who bargains for a handful of gold coin that is lucky enough to get an angel among them."

"Don't marry without money!" cries Rase Aguilar, from the midst of a fresh interlude; "Heaven only knows what a worry it is to bring up an increasing family upon a stationary income."

"Don't marry for rank," Lady Wilfred Grafton will confess to you in strict confidence. "Without fortune to back it, a title is a snare and an incumbrance."

"Don't marry for love," says Arthur Maynard; "the beauty that makes a girl admired in society does not always render her agreeable or useful at home."

"Don't marry without affection," sighs Laura Bathurst; "esteem is too cold to cement a long life union."

"Don't let the love be all on one side," says Anna Loyerester; "a woman cannot enjoy happiness unless she confers it."

Lord Wilfred echoes the caution for the reason that it is madness to press a lively flame to your breast, and find it made of stone.

"Don't marry for the mere sake of marrying," says Mrs. Desart, in an interval of sobriety.

"Don't marry too young," says Lady Riberidge, before you know your own mind, and understand what it is you undertake."

"Don't put off marrying too long," says Mr. Bathurst, "till you have lost the power of capitalizing a woman's fancy, and must be content with respect instead of attachment."

Mrs. Maynard alone abandons the prohibitive system, and takes more positive ground:

"It seems to me," she will reply, "that no one of all the reasons commonly adduced is sufficient, by itself, to explain the want of concord noticeable among married people, or to guide the unmarried in the selection of a partner. More than one attribute, more than a single favorable condition, is surely necessary to conduct an affair of that intimacy and importance to a successful termination. We know that simple valor does not constitute a great general, nor simple acuteness a great statesman; these are valuable, say, indispensable, qualities; but, unless combined with others, will not earn for their possessor a first-class reputation. So, methinks, in wedlock; neither wealth nor position, admiration nor respect, supplies, when separately, a basis broad enough to build the happiness of two lives upon. In a well-assorted marriage all these elements should be included; that is to say, there ought to be, first, a prudent provision for material wants, regard being had to the station of the contracting parties; secondly, full assurance upon such cardinal points as temper, intellect, and principle; thirdly, due attention to habits and manners, health, appearance, suitability of age, and such apparently minor points, neglect of which has often marred the most promising alliances. It is not to be supposed for a moment that entire satisfaction on every one of these heads need be looked for; and the caprice of the human heart can no more be accounted for by fixed rules than the aberrations of the comets; but I really believe that the three conditions I have mentioned are each and all requisite to warrant a fair prospect of wedded felicity."

READ ONE BOOK.—Don't read too many books. Dr. Nott, of Union College, observes, that he can always tell the young men in college who are to make their mark in the world, if he can only see them return from a visit to the College Library, which is open once a week. "If," says he, "I saw a man leaving the library with five or six books under his arm, I would say to myself, there goes a mental giant; he will read, mark, but not inwardly digest, and the consequence is, he is very likely to have mental dyspepsia; the mind, endeavoring to acquire too much, strains itself and becomes weakened." On the other hand, he says, "If I see a young student taking but a small book from the library, and that he does not return there for some time, I am satisfied that he will saturate his mind with the intellect of his author, and not only gain all the knowledge in the book, but sharpen his perceptions and invigorate every faculty."

Nothing makes a man so well as being a little hungry all the time; and nothing improves the mind so much as reading one good book thoroughly, and making every fact your own. The mind is thus never cloyed nor weakened.

TAKE CARE OF THE LAMBS.—Let teachers and parents weigh well the significance of the following extract:—"A gentleman in England was walking over his farm with a friend, exhibiting his crops, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, with all of which his friend was highly pleased, but with nothing so much as his splendid sheep. He had seen the same breed frequently before, but had never seen such noble specimens, and with great earnestness he asked to know how he had succeeded in producing such flocks. His simple answer was, 'I take care of my lambs, sir.' How was all the secret of his large, heavy-fleeced, fat sheep—he took care of them when they were lambs."

Light wine is but the ghost of wine—has no body to it.



INVOCATION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY AUGUST BELL.

Take care of me, oh, world,—  
I come among you, knowing not your ways,  
For all my days  
I've spent in dwelling where wild winds blow,  
And wandering where the dreary waters flow,  
So that I do not know  
Much of life's morn.

But I have read,  
Hidden away in quiet, mossy nooks,  
Many good books  
Of glorious ones who came like rays of light,  
To make earth's darkness bright;  
Until each night  
Their holy looks

In dreams have shone  
Upon my soul, until it kindled up  
With sweetest glad hope  
To be their helper, and I prayed until  
My God spoke to me, and my heart stood still  
To hear his holy will,  
And take life's cup.

I have been sad,—  
I have known something of heart-loneliness  
And deep distress,—  
But it is over,—and I come to you  
Almost a child, fresh from the flowers and dew,  
Be kind to me and true,  
Oh, world, in grace!

I come for good,—  
I want to be a comfort, and give  
Pure thoughts to all who live,—  
All who are sad and lonely here below,  
To be their sunshine as we heavenly go,—  
To hear and soothe all woes,  
And make love thrive.

I come to bless,—  
I want to be a little ray of light  
Where all is night,—  
The sorrows I have felt have taught me well,  
What tears to shed,—what kind, sweet words to tell,  
—The glad peace that I feel  
How to rejoice aright.

Oh, mighty World!  
Oh, World so full of warring strife and care,  
Sins and despair,  
I'm but a child, only in spirit strong,  
But sure you need a comforter among  
Your hurrying throng,  
So grant my prayer.

Boston, June, 1860.

\$500 PRIZE STORY.

DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,  
AUTHOR OF "THE HALL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE  
RED CROSS FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN EVIL DEATH.

Did Lionel Danesbury amend his ways and drink less, now that he had assumed graver duties? Surely his marriage of this, his settling in a home of his own, might have proved a turning point. It may be, that he did not strive to break through his disastrous habits, too conscious that they had become part and parcel of himself; or, it may be, that he strove to make the effort, and strove in vain. Whether he did or not, will never be known now. Far from any amendment resulting, he grew worse than before, and it was a rare thing now, morning, noon or night, for him to be seen entirely sober. As to Robert—but the less that is said about him in detail, the better.

As the months went on, and this change for the worse appeared in Lionel, Mrs. Danesbury thought it best to pocket her pride, and be reconciled. She fancied that her renewed favor and intercourse might be productive of some good effect upon him. She never could be cordial with his wife; not quite cordial; there must, and would, always be a reserve in her manner, as from a lady to an inferior. Poor Katherine Danesbury was sadly changed, her hopeful visions of her husband's reformation were worse than not realized. She was an excellent wife to him, a slave to his night and day, and Mr. Danesbury openly avowed his opinion that she was a far better and more patient wife than Lionel deserved.

They had been married about ten months, when one evening at dusk, Lionel's wife appeared at Danesbury House, sorrow in her eye and suffering in her pale cheek. If she had come to tell of trouble, she had not chosen an opportune time, for Robert had been causing an unpleasant scene. He had been demanding money of his father, and when Mr. Danesbury refused it, had broken out into a torrent of abuse, both of his father and mother, had dashed about the room, raving and swearing, and then rushed from the house. That he was so overcome as not to be fully aware of his words, was no excuse. For the last three days, he had not been for one minute sober, and his actions had partaken of insanity. They were sitting on each side the fire, Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury, and she was lamenting openly; weeping bitterly; his sorrows were buried in all, but she was tending away his weary slumbers. He was a towering, upright man when you first saw him, after a fever in Eastborough. Can it be, that the shrunken frame, obliged to be supported by a stick when walking, the withered cheek, the bent back are his? In so few years, can he thus have changed? It is not the years that have changed him, but the sorrow they have brought. The sons that were born to him in his manhood, and whom he loved as the apple of his eye, whom he fondly fostered, liberally educated, whom he expected to be the comfort of his old age, those sons have heaped shame and sadness upon him; they are rendering his days a scene of strife and wretchedness, and are contributing to bring them to a close. It was thus, as Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury were

aftering there, showing the bitter end of an unending grief, that a servant opened the door and entered in Lionel's wife.

"Well, Katherine," cried Mr. Danesbury, as he pointed to a chair beside him, and there was a painful amount of sadness and suffering in his subdued tones. "You look as if you had something bad to tell."

Katherine strove to speak, but, after a minute's struggle with herself, burst into tears. She had come to disclose a painful tale, and she was grieved and ashamed to be obliged to do it. Mr. Danesbury had given her the money for the rent, quarter by quarter—three quarters now for his payments were always made to her not to his son. She had handed it promptly to Lionel, who had always taken it, as she believed, to the landlord. It turned out now, that he had never taken it, but had gone on perpetual y with excuse, that the landlord, tired out, had that day put a man in possession.

"I am so ashamed to come, sir," she sobbed, "and tell you such a thing as this, after all your kindness to us. I want to try and get it from my mother, but I find she is gone out for a few days. And he has been so excited ever since the man came in, that I'm sure he must be got out to night. He seems on the eve of another of those dreadful attacks. His wife's and round his eyes are turning red, and his knees are shaking, and he is fancying he is a ghost."

"I gave the rent to you, Katherine," said Mr. Danesbury. "You should have paid it yourself."

"But, sir, he took it from me each time, and said he would go up and pay it, and I never thought but what he did. He went out to do it, and came back and said he had. I asked him one day for the receipts, and he replied that he had given them to you. How could I suspect anything wrong?"

"I suppose he spent it on his drink," said Mr. Danesbury.

"I suppose he did," she sobbed. "He has taken such a horror of this man who is put in, that it terrifies me. When these attacks are coming on, he is not sane, and he might spring upon him and kill him. I did not know what to do, sir. I was unwilling to come here to ask for the money; but Lionel raved out to me to come. I whispered to the man to be upon his guard."

"Where at you, I suppose, Katherine," said Mr. Danesbury. "Oh, sir—but it is only when he is like this, that he swears. He is kind and good when he is well."

"Katherine," resumed Mr. Danesbury, sinking his voice, "I heard that he struck you this week. Was it so?"

She shivered, and sobbed out a faltering excuse for Lionel—that he was "quite gone," and did not know what he did.

"If he would but keep from drink!" she muttered. "If he would but keep from drink! This week he has taken enough to kill him."

Mrs. Danesbury listened, and a cold shiver passed over her frame, a sickness seized upon her breaking heart.

"Oh," she cried out in her anguish, "what indignation is it that possesses my children?" What could Mr. Danesbury do, but relieve Lionel's house of its occupants? He wrote a word to the landlord, and the man was instantly withdrawn. But that same night Lionel had to be watched by two men, in his dangerous delirium.

Mrs. Danesbury retired to rest, but not to sleep. Robert had come in, and was wandering about the house, pacing up and down the stairs incessantly, his mind unconscious; it appeared more with madness than with wine. What a sound for a mother! Mrs. Danesbury had not been to her children all that she might have been, but her affection for them, at least, was powerful. She had started from some troubled dream in their infancy, and rushed to their cradles, and thanked God that they were safe. Now she started from her bed more frequently, not at the imaginary terrors of a dream, but at the bitter stings of waking reality. At length the noise ceased, Robert subsided into his room, and his mother sank to sleep. She was awake again with the first gray streak of dawn that glimmered in the east, awake to the new day and the pain it brought. Oh, the anguish of that first waking, when a heavy weight lies upon the conscience or the heart! Trouble may oppress in the day; suspense, perplexity, care, may render the pillow sleepless in the night; but it is as nothing, compared with the hideous reality, the lively anguish that rushes then over the spirit.

The terrible reality, stern, appalling, intense, rushed over the brain of Mrs. Danesbury, and she sprang from her bed with a suppressed cry, and paced the cold room with her hands to her temples, wondering that her senses did not quite leave her in these dreaded moments. There was no help on earth, and she sank on her knees and prayed that her sons' ungodly sin might yet be conquered; that it might not have laid hold of their past redemption. And yet, she had so prayed for years, and amendment had not come to them; and she prayed as one who had no hope.

Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury rose as usual, and after breakfast the former went to the factory. He came back about mid-day, too ill to go out again. In the afternoon he was covering over the fire in the dining-room, for he felt shivering and chill, when Robert came in, his dress loose, and his gait slouching. Though three o'clock, it was his first appearance that day. His eyes were bloodshot, and his countenance bore the marks of his evil life. His slippers were down at heel, his coat dirty and torn, his pantaloons unbuttoned, and he had no collar on. Mr. Danesbury looked up, and then averted his eyes with a suppressed groan. Robert held his hat, which he carried on his head into his chamber the previous night; he now essayed to place it on the table, but his hand shook, and it slipped on the floor. Mrs. Danesbury, little less shaking than he, stooped and picked it up again. Yet Robert was sober then, perfectly sober; the drama he had been obliged to take, or he could dress himself, not affecting him.

He was screwing his courage up to tell of his family. Told they must be. In his excited mood of the previous night, he had demanded money; it was now his task to tell quietly why it must be supplied him. He had again got into debt, for the third or fourth time since

he came home, and had drawn liabilities upon himself which must be discharged, or he dragged off to the county jail.

"You have brought me to the verge of ruin," gasped Mr. Danesbury, as he listened, "do you want to complete it? It is not eight months since I paid your debts. Then, there was nothing but a fall before you, and I saved you from it."

Robert sat by, penitent and ill; he always felt penitent and ill when he was quite sober. He had nothing to answer.

"How many times have I paid your debts since you returned from London?" proceeded Mr. Danesbury. "Not one shilling of them had you any cause to contract. You have a good home here, with everything you can require, and you have a wife to spend. What other father would keep you in misery? You have squandered the money that I worked hard for. What will you do when I am gone?"

Robert had risen, and now stood leaning on the mantelpiece. He was intent on procuring what he wanted, and he began to offer some attempt at excuse.

"I cannot pay away much more," returned Mr. Danesbury. "I will not completely cripple the business, so that Arthur shall be unable to carry it on, and be left without resources. No; I have sacrificed enough to you and Lionel, but I will not entirely sacrifice your eldest brother, who never gave me an hour's grief in his life."

"And for William also, as well as for him and Lionel," somewhat sharply put in Mrs. Danesbury.

"Rather would I let poverty and want come upon me, than ruin Arthur," proceeded the old man. "He has made unparalleled sacrifices for you, of his own kind will. He is a brother in a thousand. How much to this money, that you are liable for?"

"It's—it's about two hundred pounds," hesitated Robert, ashamed of the confession.

"Two hundred pounds!" interrupted Mr. Danesbury. "What have you been doing to owe all that? I will not find it," he sternly added, "I cannot find it. You are reducing me to distress, sir, with your wicked habits. Would you wish your mother, there, to end her days in the workhouse? For myself," he continued, his voice broken with emotion, "I shall not long trouble any of you, and I care not how soon it may please the Almighty to remove me from a world, which has been productive to me of so much suffering."

Mrs. Danesbury covered her face. Mr. Danesbury gradually changed his tone; his spirit was broken, his heart breaking, and he could not keep up anger long. He showed Robert how impossible it was that he could continue to supply means for this ruinous expenditure, and he enlarged upon his blameable course of life; the sin he was guilty of towards his parents, towards himself, and the far deeper sin he was guilty of towards God. Robert listened till he fell into a contrite spirit, and presently he burst into tears, openly lamented his conduct, and promised to amend. His brain was whirling, his health and strength were shattered, and he cried as he had cried that night in London to Arthur, when he was in a maudlin state. His father and mother seized upon the moment to improve him to reform, and Robert solemnly promised. He meant it, poor deluded man, the sin of his daily life was pressing heavily upon his conscience; and, what with his sinking body and sinking spirit, it was impossible for any poor creature to feel more wretched. Mr. Danesbury would not advance the money which Robert demanded, he was firm in that, but he said the liabilities might be brought under his examination, and he would see if any arrangement could be effected towards paying them off by degrees, so as to release Robert from present fears. But he would only do this, on condition that Robert entered into no further debts.

With this concession, Robert was obliged to content himself, and very kind and fair it was; but, the truth was, he wanted to get the money into his own fingers. He left the room, too physically miserable to stay in it; and what remedy did he resort to, to cheer himself? He went back to his bed room, where he regularly kept spirits concealed now, and pouncing upon the brandy bottle, poured out a tumblerful, and drank it.

Do not ask where his promises of good resolution flew to. He did not stop at that little light draught; it was not enough for him; and at the customary evening hour, having set his dress to rights, he slunk out, rather worse than usual for what he had taken.

His parents—who have pity for them!—remained alone, scarcely interchanging a word with each other, but silently nursing their misery, a misery that would never be lightened in this world.

It happened that Arthur had gone to spend that evening with his brother William. The clock struck ten, and Mrs. Danesbury retired, and for a few minutes Mr. Danesbury was alone. His head leaned on his hands, and he sat gazing abstractedly on the fire; he was thinking what a mercy it would have been, had God seen fit to remove his two youngest boys in their infancy. Suddenly he heard the latch key turn in the front door, and then, as if he who held it were not in a state of competency; but, at length, it was pushed open with a burst, and Robert staggered across the hall, and came into the room. He reeled up to his father, his hair hanging about his countenance, and his attitude menacing. His words were indistinct, but, so far as Mr. Danesbury could gather, they were a demand for money.

"Are there your promises of amendment, Robert? Go to your room; go to your room, sir, and do not speak to me again, until you are in a better state."

"I must, and I will have money," screamed Robert. "What right have you to deny it to me? I will have it, I tell you!"

Mr. Danesbury rose from his seat, with dignity.

"Do possess the right to deny it," he said, "and would that I had exercised that right years ago, my sons might have been more dutiful sons now."

He knew not what he did, it is so to be hoped he knew not, that lost young man, for he cursed his father with a loud and groveling

curse, and dealt him a blow on the temple. Mr. Danesbury fell to the ground, just as Mrs. Danesbury, her face over on the alert, ran in. She flew to her husband, she pushed Robert from her, she reproached him harshly in her shock of grief. He stood there raving, and invoking imprecations on her, his mother; and then, with a shout and a crash, he swept the ornaments of the mantel-piece.

In rushed a man servant, followed by Arthur, who had come home just in time to hear the noise. Arthur laid his powerful grasp upon the madman, whilst the man raised Mr. Danesbury to his chair. Mr. Danesbury's temple was bleeding, for it had struck against the fender, as he fell; and, as Mrs. Danesbury looked at it with water, she whispered to him, through her tears, not to be harsh with their poor mistaken boy.

"Hush with him, no!" wailed Mr. Danesbury; "but let him take all, let him turn them out of house and home, rather than they should be cursed in their old age by the child to whom they had given birth!"

Arthur and the man got Robert to his chamber, and undressed him, and placed him in bed. But there was no rest for the house that night, for he was out of his apartment again, as on the preceding one, stalking about, like a restless spirit, from room to room, and up the stairs and down. His state was akin to madness; they could do nothing with him; even his father, forgetting the outrage, went to beg him to be composed and go to rest. All in vain; and shouting, singing, laughing, and raving, he tore about till morning, Arthur and the servant watching him, to prevent mischief.

By the usual hour of the household's rising, he was partially sobered, but the symptoms of insanity hung about him. His mother went to him once more, to coax, beg, entreat him to lie down, and try to get some sleep. Yet, he would, he answered; and then he laid hold of her hands, and melting into tears, whispered his contrition for what he did on the previous night.

"Mother, I was mad with drink; I was mad with drink! Will you and my father forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, dear," she answered, "it is all forgiven; you were not conscious of your actions. Only go to bed quietly, and get to sleep. I will take you."

She passed on to his chamber, and he dolefully followed her, muttering still, "I was mad with drink," and some other words which she could not catch, about the barrenness of his latter life.

He lay down quietly and they left the room, Arthur remaining for some moments to listen at the door. But it appeared that he did not move. Presently Arthur cautiously looked in. He was lying on the bed, with his eyes wide open.

"Did you call, Robert?" asked his brother, by way of excuse. "Do you want anything?"

"No. I'm going to get some sleep."

"Ay, do. It will do you good."

Arthur closed the door. Mrs. Danesbury was standing just outside her own chamber, and looked on to him.

"Arthur," she whispered, "it appears to me that he is worse than I ever saw him; in a more strange sort of way. I think Dr. Pratt had better come and look at him."

"I am going for him now," replied Arthur. "If Robert cannot get to sleep, he will have an attack similar to Lionel's."

Mrs. Danesbury stole on tiptoe once or twice to the room door, but all was quiet within, and she hoped he was sleeping. In a short time Arthur returned with the surgeon. Mrs. Danesbury inquired if he had seen Lionel that morning; if he knew how he was.

"Yes, Lionel is better," replied Mr. Pratt. "He will get over this bout. But if he," nodding his head in the direction of Robert's chamber, "is in for it, we shall have some trouble. Lionel has made free enough in all conscience, but he has made worse. To think of the evil wrought in this world by the influence of drink!" uttered the old gentleman, who wore the appearance of a man of care.

"My only son an alien from me! and yours more trouble than if they were aliens."

He had gradually advanced to Robert's door as he spoke, and partially entered. But he drew back with a suppressed, hasty movement, closed the door and kept the handle of it in his hand. Arthur and Mrs. Danesbury had followed him.

"Will you get me some vinegar," he said to the latter. "Get it and bring it yourself; there's a good lady."

As she turned away, Mr. Pratt looked at Arthur with a horror-stricken face.

"I have sent her off purposely," he whispered. "I saw the inside of this chamber when I opened the door; it was no sight for any woman; least of all, a mother. Can you bear it?"

A suspicion of his meaning dawned on the mind of Arthur Danesbury.

"What has he done?" he asked with blanched lips. "Has he not injured himself?"

"He has committed suicide," was the dread whisper. "May the Lord have mercy on his soul!"

They went in; Arthur nerving himself to it. The ill-fated man—let us call him so!—was lying on the bed in a pool of blood, the razor clamped in his right hand. He was not dead; but ere the lapse of many minutes he would no longer be numbered among the living.

Arthur went outside, awake, even in his despair and horror, to the humanity of keeping Mrs. Danesbury from the room. She was coming along the corridor with the vinegar-cup in her hand. In spite of his efforts, he could not recall the color to his face.

"Thank you," he said, offering to take it from her.

"No! I will go in with it myself," replied Mrs. Danesbury.

"Dr. Pratt—Dr. Pratt does not wish any one to go in," rejoined Arthur.

"But I will go in. Why should I be kept out? Why are you looking so strange, so scared, Arthur? Oh!" she screamed, a fear flashing across her, like lightning, "what has happened? What is amiss with my boy?"

She had the strength of a desperate woman, and struggled with him. He coolly strove to lead her away, but she suddenly raised her

foot and kicked open the door, and the room within was disclosed to her. A long shrill shriek rang through the house, and she fell back into Arthur's arms. It brought Mr. Danesbury out of his bed-room; and the frightened servants came running up.

What expression of horror was it, that gleamed from the dying man's eye, as he grasped the wrists of his father? Could it be, that the accomplishment of his crime, or the close approach of death, had restored his powers of mind and memory? He appeared as conscious as he ever was before the fatal habit grew upon him; there was no mistaking the clear, sane expression of the eye. Who can imagine the awful tortures that were rending his soul? Once read of a drowning man, who testified, after his rescue, that in the moment when his strength was yielding to the waves, all the whole history of his past life rose up before him; its evil thoughts, its unholy actions, all were clear to his mind, like the scenes in a phantasmagoria. Could it be, that the same strange restoration of memory had been opened to Robert Danesbury? Will it, when our spirit is about to quit its earthly tenement, open to all of us? Who does not remember those two lines of Hood's in that beautiful poem, with its warning lesson, "The Lady's Dream"?

"Wee, wee for me, if the past should be  
Thus present when I die!"

That Robert Danesbury's intellect was clear and sane in those, his dying moments, was indisputable. He saw now all the terrible guilt of his past life; the talents he had misused, the parents whose hearts he had broken, the Heaven he had deserted. As a single star, a drop of dew to the wide sea, was the little span of existence appointed him here, compared with the never ending life hereafter; yet he had not attempted to perform his poor, simple duties, to himself, to the world, or to his Creator. A little self-denial, a little strife and perseverance, a little help from above, and the victory would have been his. He saw it all now; but he had chosen to abandon his powers, both of mind and body, to the pursuit of a degrading vice, and at last he had rashly and impudently taken the life that was not his to take, and was winking his flight to the awful bar of an offended God. Flying swiftly to the unknown, darksome valley of the Shadow of Death, without hope, and without a comforter; for the merciful promise of the Saviour, to come again and guide His redeemed to Him, could not apply to him now; he had thrown away his Saviour when he threw away the life that was not his to take. And so, amid piercing throes and mental tortures, amid ineffectual efforts to give utterance to his remorse and anguish, he wrung his father's hands with a sharp pressure, and with a last, wild cry, the spirit of Robert Danesbury passed away forever.

"Oh, my son Robert," wailed out his anguished father, as did David of old. "My son, my son! would to God I had died for thee, oh, Robert, my son, my son!"

CHAPTER XX.

HOPES AND FEARS. AN UNEXPECTED EVENT.

It was autumn weather, and unusually cold; but the glow of a cheerful fire diffused its pleasant warmth over a commodious bed-chamber, and the gale outside was not felt within. A lady, young and fair, lay there on a sofa, her dark eyes were bent on the fire, as they had been for the last half hour, as if she were in a reverie; and it would seem that it was not a pleasant one, for a contraction of pain flitted, ever and anon, over her brow. It was Anna Danesbury, William's wife.

In the adjoining room, the door opening between them, sat a woman before another fire, nursing an infant. It was three weeks old; and very precious was the little life to its mother, for she had not before had a child to live. Suddenly a visitor's knock resounded through the house, and the nurse arose, laid down the little bundle of flannel, and entered her mistress's chamber.

"Of course, ma'am, you will not see visitors this afternoon," she said, in a half-remonstrating, half-authoritative tone. "You are not strong enough for it."

Mrs. William Danesbury cleared her brow and looked up.

"I suppose not, nurse. And yet it seems to me that they could not do me much harm."

But, instead of visitors, it proved to be Mrs. Philip Danesbury, who was scarcely regarded in the light of one. She had been out for some weeks with her niece, Miss Heber.

"Why did Mary not come with you?" demanded the invalid, as her aunt embraced her.

"Because I feared there might be too much chattering," replied Mrs. Philip. "I heard you were not so well as you might be. Mary will come and see you to-morrow. What has been the matter with you, my dear? Baby three weeks old, and you lying here!"

"I have had so much fever," she slowly said. "Aunt, I have wanted you at home."

"My dear, I did hope and intend to be back before your illness, but—"

"Not for that," interrupted Anna. "I did very well without you. Aunt," she repeated, in a whisper of emotion, her trembling hands seizing those of Mrs. Philip Danesbury, "my husband is going all wrong. It is that which makes me ill."

"Is he worse?"

"A great deal. Some one or other is always calling to induce him to go out in the evening. Sometimes it is Laughton, sometimes it is Lionel—when Lionel is in a fit state to call for any one—sometimes it's others. Not one night since baby was born, has he been in until the public houses were closed; and almost always in a state that he cannot come to my room, to say 'Good Night.' Here I lie listening for him, waiting for him, unable to get to sleep, and when I hear him, he is not well enough to come and speak to me."

"I am truly grieved to hear this," exclaimed Mrs. Philip Danesbury. "But do not talk of it now, Anna."

"I must talk of it," she vehemently answered, whilst a burning, hectic spot appeared on her cheek. "Aunt, I have not spoken of it,

and the silence is paying upon me; in this you will be a relief."

"I thought William's condition was so good!" lamented Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

"He does make good resolutions, and sometimes he will keep them for ever so long. And then again he breaks out, and for several days will not be sober. Did you hear about the loss at the works, aunt?" she added, dropping her voice.

"No."

"It was all through William. Something in the making of the machinery. I do not understand it; for Mrs. Danesbury, who told me, did not enter into details—when she did not know the particulars I can see much anxiety to inquire. But it seems they had a great deal of trouble with it, and William went on one day in an impetuous state, gave wrong orders, and it was spoiled. The loss was some hundreds of pounds."

"Poor Mr. Danesbury! poor Mr. Danesbury!" uttered Mrs. Philip. "What can it—What will his cares end?"

"William came home almost like a madman. He was sobered then, and he was the wisest he had been. I never saw him so out of it, so full of sorrow. I inquired what was amiss, but he would not tell me."

"And I suppose he drank more to drown it?"

"No, indeed, aunt. He did not touch a drop of anything for days afterwards. He is full of good hopes and resolves, if he had but the strength to keep them."

"Do you know how the poor old gentleman is, Anna?"

"Much the same, I believe. He was here on Sunday, and I could scarcely keep my eyes from him, he looks so broken with care; every time I see him it strikes me more forcibly. Mrs. Danesbury is ill now. You are aware, perhaps, that the influenza has broken out at Eastborough?"

"It was the first news one of the servants received to wish, when we reached home yesterday. She said it was raging badly, and two or three had died. I told her she was a Jew's comforter, to give us that for welcome."

"Mrs. Danesbury was attacked with it some days ago," returned Anna, "and I hear she is very ill."

"She has never got over the shock of Robert's death last spring," observed Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

Anna clasped her hands together, as if her emotions were too much for her.

"Aunt, when I think of Robert's fate, of Lionel's certain death—"

"Lionel is no better, I fear," interrupted Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

"Better!" ejaculated Anna. "He cannot live long, as he goes on now; or, if he does live, he will become insane. Mr. Pratt says his brain is suffering rapidly. When I dwell upon Lionel's state, upon Robert's dreadful death, and remember that William may come to the same, my senses seem as though they would desert me."

"Now, do you know what?" exclaimed Mrs. Philip, in the prophetic tone we use to an offending child; "if you say another word upon this topic, I shall be gone. You are doing yourself incalculable harm."

"I am always dwelling upon it," was Anna's answer; "how can I help it?"

"You must try and help it. You will never get strong, if you don't," replied Mrs. Philip; "nothing retards recovery so much as brooding over ill, real or imaginary."

She was resolved not to permit it, and Anna, perforce, was silent, and presently dropped into a doze. Mrs. Philip took the opportunity to leave, telling the nurse she



"My dear William," she said, "I thought I should come to him again, and I did not like to tell Anna the cause of my going out, but it should alarm her."  
 "Then, the passing bell was for Mrs. Danesbury! What can have caused her sudden death?"  
 "She has died from this influenza that is going about," was William's answer. "She has been critically sinking, ever since Robert's death, and, when this disease attacked her, she had no stamina wherewith to struggle against it. A physician was telegraphed for from town this morning at five o'clock, and was here by ten, but he could do her no good. Poor thing! she was sensible, and took leave of us all. Aunt," he added, lowering his voice, "she asked me to pardon her for having forced me to drink wine and beer in my childhood."  
 "William! Did she? She is another, gone to her grave, wishing that her life could be lived over again; that she might reject the evil, and choose the good."  
 "She held my hand and Arthur's, and begged us to forgive past unkindnesses. But the parting with Lionel—*that* was grievous to see."  
 "Robert and Lionel have sent her to her grave, between them," impressively resumed Mrs. Philip Danesbury.  
 "Lionel is saying so. I took him home and left him there, in a state of excitement that you can scarcely imagine. Crying one minute, talking the next; and, should he fly to drink in the midst of it, he will inevitably bring on another of those dangerous attacks."  
 "William," spoke up Mrs. Philip, in a solemn tone, "all this ought to tell upon you, as a warning. Will you not accept it?"  
 "Yes, I will."  
 "How does your father bear his loss?"  
 "Calmly. He has experienced too much sorrow for anything to affect him greatly, now. My poor father will not be long after her," he added, with a sigh.  
 "Drink! drink! the evils of indulging in strong drink!" aspirated Mrs. Philip Danesbury.  
 William passed by the remark without observation.  
 "May we tell Anna?" he asked. "Or will it excite her injuriously?"  
 "Tell her—oh, yes. Her fears and excitement all tend to one point, William?"  
 He knew what that was.  
 Reader! how the close approach of death changes us! Mrs. Philip Danesbury did not suspect how literally near the truth she was, when she said that Mrs. Danesbury had gone to her grave wishing that her life could be lived over again, that she might reject the evil and choose the good. It was a strangely impressive scene that William had come from, one which might suffice for a whole life's lesson:—Mrs. Danesbury lay on her bed, a dying woman; Lionel close to her, the others dispersed round her, her husband, Arthur and William, and Mr. Pratt; the physician had returned to town again from his fruitless mission.—Mrs. Danesbury had repented; her days had been one scene of bitter repentance ever since the death of Robert; but *remors* she never could put away from her; she could not recall the evil done. If she had made her peace with God, so far as she herself went, she could not make it for Lionel; she took William's hands in hers,—  
 "Forgive me, as I have asked God to forgive me, for having forced you to drink wine and beer in your childhood," she gasped. "William, be your warned while there is yet time; and put them from you. Do not let me have another lost soul upon my hands! It seems, I would give my own soul if God would but grant me my existence over again, that I might bring up my children to strive for this world, not for the next; and I ruined them for both. Oh, Lionel, if I could but take your sins upon me, and bear them now before my Maker."  
 She spoke truth. She had ruined her sons, and they, in their turn, had sent her to her grave.  
 There was a deplorable scene enacted when he was being placed in it. Lionel was in a wretchedly nervous condition, and was obliged to take brandy etc he could venture to the funeral. As the mourners stood around the coffin, Mr. Danesbury at their head, and the coffin was being lowered into it, Lionel seized one of the cords, and broke into a burst of sobbing and walling. The coffin fell into theault, and, but for Arthur's firm grasp, who stood next him, he would have flung himself upon it. Lionel had to be surrounded and taken away, ere the service could be concluded; and that night, for the first time in his life, he was secured in a straight waistcoat.  
 All this acted as a warning to William Danesbury, and he strove to master his baneful passion. For some time, he kept sober. He stayed in doors in the evening, refused to join any loose friends, meaning those who were lovers of excess, and took only ale with his meals. He seemed quite resolved to put temptation from him. But, one Sunday—Anna had seen down stairs some time then—the wine was on the table after dinner, and he finished early a bottle of port. He rose from his seat, and was about to decant another, when his life glided up to him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder.  
 "William, do not."  
 He looked at her; looked at the wine; and then, with an irrevocable, unwilling gesture, he at the bottle back again upon the sideboard. There it remained; but ever and anon, his eyes turned restlessly to it, as if they were fascinated.  
 Later in the evening, when Anna retired for the night, the struggle came to an end. He saw the cork, drank the whole of the wine, and then drove the cork of a bottle of brandy. One o'clock in the morning he stumbled up bed as—as I hope you and I shall neverumble up.

CHAPTER XXI.  
 ANOTHER PRAYERED.

One evening in November, about two months after Mrs. Danesbury's death, William was on

With a spring, Lionel dashed William's grip, and rushed to the head of the stairs. The old lady, who had stood on the stairs, afraid to venture further, set up a shrill scream, and dropped down them as if she had been shot. This arrested Lionel. But for that circumstance, he would probably have been in the street, just as he was, before they could catch him. William drew him back towards the bed.

"I can't," he piteously said. "She's got inside, and some stairs with her. See how thick their tails are. There's one hanging out now. They are theimps, and the devils will be here presently."

"Come along," said William, "cheerily: I'll drive them all away for you."

Katherine turned the bed-clothes down to the very bottom of the bed, and patted it with her hands.

"You see," she said to her husband, "it is all your fancy."

He touched the bed himself, and looked wildly about the room again. And just then the surgeon came in.

"What is the matter here?" asked Mr. Pratt. "I have just met old grandmother Duckworth, flying down the street, as if she were flying for her life, afraid of stopping here, she said. Ill again?"

"More cats, sir, and other things," interposed Lionel's wife. "He is afraid now they are in the bed."

"Keep them away from me, Pratt, will you?" gasped Lionel.

"To be sure. Get into bed, and I'll see about it. Hallo! boots in the bed! That will never do. Let me have those; we will send them after the cats."

Quiet as a lamb, under Mr. Pratt's experienced eye, Lionel suffered his boots to be taken from him, and lay down in bed. The doctor administered some medicine he had brought with him, then tucked him up, and told him to be quiet and to sleep. As they were leaving the room, William looked back. There sat Lionel upright in bed, ready to spring out.

"I can't stop here," he shivered, "they are coming again. Don't leave me."

"No," answered Katherine, "I am going to stay with you. Lie down, and I will sit here upon the bed. The cats will not come where I am."

Mr. Pratt and William Danebury went down stairs, the former carrying the boots.

"I have told his wife never to let him have his boots in these attacks," he observed. "She knows they must be kept from him."

Lionel found them, I believe, while she was gone for you."

"Not one, in ten, of these poor madmen will start out without their boots," remarked Mr. Pratt; "but, let them put on their boots, and they'll watch an opportunity to be off, even if they be stark naked. Poor woman! she has a dreadful life with him. And this is going to be a bad attack."

"Do you fear so?" asked William.

"Ay. He has been drinking awfully lately. It will be worse than any he has had. His wife must have some men in the house, for, before morning he will be outrageous. Mr. William, I will not answer for it that he'll get over this. I did not think he would the last time, when his mother died, you know. I'll look in at George Groat's," added Mr. Pratt, "and send up the men that were here before, if they are to be had."

"I will stay until some one comes," said William.

"Do so. It is not right that his wife should be left with him, alone."

Quiet did Lionel lie while Mr. Pratt was in the house, but, the moment he heard the door close on him, he was troublesome again. Who are more cunning than they? Katherine called out, and William ran up.

"I want my boots, William."

"Presently. What for?"

"Oh, they are round me, and I can't stop here. I must go out."

"Where to?"

"I—I want to see my father. Get my boots."

"Not to-night."

"Yes, I must. Get my boots."

"Very well. Presently," and down sat William.

Later, when the requisite help arrived, three men, William took his departure. These repeated attacks were a heavy expense, which, of course, fell upon Mr. Danebury. When William entered Danebury House, Arthur was sitting alone.

"Where is my father?" he asked.

"He is gone to bed, ill," was Arthur's reply. "I do not think he will be here many weeks, William. If he is no better in the morning, I shall call Pratt in. He would not have him to-night."

"I have just been with Pratt at Lionel's," returned William. "He has got another attack. The old gentleman has sent three men a, so he anticipates mischief."

"Ah. I heard of his being carried home, unable to walk, the night before last."

"And last night he stole out, and his wife as for four hours looking for him, in the rain, and found him at last on the bridge."

"What a life for her!" uttered Arthur.

"Pratt says he may not get over this."

"Then it will be the death of our father!" sadly exclaimed Arthur.

William sat a little while, and then rose to his bed. His brother accompanied him through the hall to the door, and stood looking out into the night.

"William," he said, laying his hand upon his shoulder with an impressive gesture, "go straight home."

"I will. I intend to."

And he did so: bravely passing by the public-houses and liquor shops, as he had done in coming.

Lionel Danebury had latterly been a burden to himself and to all around him, but the end was come. The news spread in the town, next day, that Lionel was ill, dangerously ill. His aunt, Mrs. Philip Danebury, went to see him, and entered the antidy, comfortable chamber.

The fire had been raked out of the grate, for a patient could not bear the heat, and the

body, to shudder when he thought of his father; but these shudders, from so nothing, compared with his mind's anguish; for he had never brought up a heathen, and the dread consciousness of a world to come, shrouded in strong, fiery, lurid colors. Marvel not at the illusion of devils, and other frightful phantoms, attacked Lionel Danesbury.

Again dawned the morning light upon his patient. It was his last day of life, though he might know it not. The fit of delirium continued with unabated violence, broken, as before, by interludes of quiet—if it could be called quiet, when the whole frame was shaken as with a fierce ague. His mind wandered drowsily; yet in those wanderings might be traced a recollection of his present state, of the life he had led.

"They keep me here, you see," he exclaimed to Arthur, "and I want to be out. I want to— Father, is that you?"

It was Mr. Danesbury. Though very near the grave himself, he had insisted on being brought to Lionel's bedside. William was absent.

"That's good," continued Lionel; "I wanted to see you. I'm so hot, you know. They have been coming round, such a lot of them—millions and millions. Where's Robert?"

With one hand he swept the cloths from his head, and Dr. Pratt, who had come in with Mr. Danesbury, though protesting against his old friend's visit, replaced them.

"Who says I am dying?" he shouted. "I am no business of theirs. See how they make up—creep, creep, creep! That one in green only came in this morning. Ah, is that you?" he cried, again momentarily recognizing his father, and holding out his hand, which was vibrating like a pendulum. "You don't think I'm going; do you?"

Mr. Danesbury was taken by surprise, the question was put so rationally. He did not know what to answer.

"Oh, no, no!" reiterated Lionel, with a shriek of anguish that none present would ever forget; "not yet, in mercy! A little respite! A short period for reformation and redemption! Take away the drink; take it away, I say! I have led an evil life," he added, his mind a strange mixture of consciousness and insanity, "but I won't touch another drop: it's burning here."

He pointed to his chest, and then lay still; recommending, after a short pause.

"They came round me in the night and told me I was dying; but it's not true. Hold me! hold me! at least till I have got through this multiplicity of work. Do you see all the duties that have accumulated! I have done nothing, you know; nothing but drink; but I can get through them. Not if you let those devils come upon me: I thought that little one was gone!"

"He has been raving all night about this accumulation of work and duties," whispered Katherine.

"It cannot be, that I am dying! I must have the time I want first. Yes I told you that, didn't I? Give it me, Katherine, my poor wife, you say you have been miserable, but we shall be happy now. You need not be afraid of me any longer: I'll keep my promise, and leave it off. Hark! hark! I don't make a noise" (though the room was perfectly still), "there's that little one again. He has got another, and another—another! They come creeping on, and I can't see them!"

With wild shouts and mad imprecations, he strove to raise himself, to escape, it would seem, the fiends he thought he saw. And, though firmly prevented from moving, none could prevent the convulsive throes that shook his frame. The paroxysm of violence over, the delirium supervened, and with it, partial recollection.

"William, is that you? Come here; closer. I have had such a horrid dream. I thought I was getting towards the prime of life, and that all the years given to me had been wasted: that I had been constantly drunk. Drunk, I thought—and it made me burn here," (pointing the cloth from his brow), "and the time was wasted. What are the calls then? I found that all these years had not been mine to waste. Who spoke then? It was none of you. Who says it's true? It is not true, I tell you. It was a dream. Be off! be off! how dare you drive me mad? And if it were true, I am to have the time. What do you know about it? I say the time is mine. That's one of those devils speaking, he says—the given time is all but me. Who says I had it once, and threw it away? How dare you say it? Oh, mercy, mercy! a little time, for the love of mercy! I am not drunk now. Father, is that you? I have sworn not to touch another drop. Keep those devils from me. How can you let them come here with this weight of sin upon me? What are the calls then? I was given time, was I not? What's Robert to me? I am to have it. I am. Do you see how they are coming on? Hold me! hold me! keep off that little one. I won't die, he is mocking me! I won't die, I say. Hold him back. No time for me! No time!"

"Dear father," said Arthur, approaching Mr. Danesbury, "this is no place for you. Let me take you away."

"Arthur," said the old man, with quivering lips and trembling hands, as he grasped those of his eldest son, "there is no place for me much longer on earth. I question whether he, or I, shall go the quicker. My heart is broken. Let William fetch me to take his hand, and bring him side by side with Arthur—" "can you marvel at it? My son, can you marvel at it? Few and evil have the days of my old age been: my substance destroyed, my peace of mind wrecked. One of my children has gone before me; another—he, poor madman—is going with me, and I have no hope that I shall meet either of them hereafter. Do you see the strong William's hand—"so as to be close to me."

They took Mr. Danesbury from the room; they also took the unhappy wife; for Dr. Pratt saw that the end was at hand. In a paroxysm of violence, more acute than any which had gone before it, the troubled spirit of Lionel Danesbury flew away to Him who gave it.

Yet, at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to the grave; at such a time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vented forth; and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—this is no imaginative history—it is



NEWS ITEMS.

**THE TALLEST MAN IN FRANCE.**—The tallest man in France has just expired, near Rouen, at the age of 71, being M. Charles Grand d'Assolville, of Neuf, Normandy, who founded, and for many years carried on, some extensive glassworks at that place. His stature was near 7 feet 6 inches English, and his body was stout in proportion.

W. C. Nason, of Monroe county, Tenn., has recovered \$11,000 from the East Tennessee Railroad, for detaining his wheat in the depot until some of it spoiled, and until the tracks receded, causing him to lose heavily.

I saw Fitch and Hallowell in the street yesterday. He has come down from his beautiful rural retreat to look at the Great Eastern. Mr. Hallowell is over sixty years old. He is a Scotchman in feeling—approves of slavery. Hallowell is a monarchist, for this reason, he believes in the kingdom of heaven. He says that is a monarchy, and what is right to be done in heaven, should be done on earth.—N. Y. Cor. Mobile Register.

**THE U. S. AGRICULTURAL FAIR.**—The fair, to be held at Cincinnati, commencing September 12th, and ending on the 20th. The premium list amounts to \$20,000. No cattle will be received on account of the pleuro-pneumonia, but large premiums are offered for horses, machinery and steam fire engines.

A child of Patrick O'Connell, residing in Memphis, Tennessee, was choked to death by slipping between the mattress and foot rail of the bed, where it was caught by the neck.

In a manufacturing establishment in Greenfield, an iron bar was found embedded in the solid ivory of an elephant's tusk, about three and a half feet from the root, and two and a half from the tip end, and it is supposed must have been in the tusk at least one hundred years.

**HIGH PRICE FOR A COLT.**—Judge Hunter, of Alabama, recently paid to Mr. Keen Richards \$1,200 for a colt, ten days old, bred by the Knight of St. George, the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, in 1854, out of the dam of Colossus.

**FRENCH CAVALETTI TACKS.**—The London Morning Post calls attention to the new French system of cavalry tactics. Heavy cavalry are to be abolished, and light horse will be employed, massed out of range, and poured down upon opposing broken troops.

The cavalry will be armed with breech-loading carbines.

Mr. GEORGE HOOVER, of Brothersville township, Somerset county, Pa., lately visited a tallekian den, on the mountain, about two miles from his house. He despatched thirty-four of them, the shortest four feet in length, the longest five feet and a half. One of the largest had twenty-two rattles and a button upon its tail. Mr. Hoover, of whom the Pittsburgh Chronicle vouchers for as being a gentleman of strict veracity, says he could have killed a barrel of them but for the poisonous exhalations from the den.

**LYMAN KINGSLEY,** of Northampton, has a tobacco bed of some thirty feet upon which he has taken over three thousand plants, setting six thousand himself, and setting eleven thousand at \$3 a thousand, the bed still containing about four thousand. There is a big quid for Trask, and several quids for other people.

**THE PRODUCTION OF THE SINGLE ARTICLE OF HAY FOR THE NEW ORLEANS MARKET.** The fertile meadows of Illinois are better appreciated; one farmer, south of Urbana, sold last season 1,000 tons of timothy, at \$10 per ton; this hay was shipped by the Illinois Central South, and sold for \$35 per ton.

**FABRICALI** was born in 1807; his birthday is the immortal day of July—the anniversary of American National Independence.

The American wife of the late Prince Jerome is said to be worth a million of dollars. The first Napoleon allowed her a pension of 60,000 francs—but the Bourbons stopped it very quick.

**THE N. O. PINEAPPLE.**—"We write this paragraph with ink made from sand found on Mr. G. F. Hunt's plantation, near New Orleans, Mississippi, Missouri, Limerick & Vaughan, of Rodney, send us a bottle, and they tell us that they are about offering this ink for sale, and that they can afford to sell it at one-half the price of ordinary ink. This is a new specimen of house economy. The ink is somewhat pale, but it flows smoothly, and it appears will appear blacker when exposed for more time to the air."

**THE ROME (N. Y.) SENTINEL** states that an aged man named Kroop, living in the town of Ayr, Oneida county, committed suicide by hanging a few days since. His two sons had quarreled about his estate, and his father relieved them both by taking himself off. He was 74 years of age. He realized "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankful child."

A PARTY of Pike's Peakers, returned to Chicago, state, by actual count and record, they met 5,488 teams on the road between Denver City and Fort Kearney, and from between Fort Kearney and Omaha City, making a total of 6,988 teams on the road, and all going West.

**A FITTING RECKONING.**—A clergyman in England, not long since, represented to the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol that a brother clergyman was in the habit of preaching in unconsecrated buildings, and otherwise similarly violating the rules of the Church of England, to which the bishop returned the unexpected, but doubtless wholesome reply, "Go thou and do likewise."

**THE HAVRE.**—All accounts from all parts of the country, but more especially from the west, unite in the conclusion that the quantity and quality of the coming harvest will be greater and better than at any other period. We shall be able plentifully to feed our own people, and also to supply Europe with as much grain as she will require.

**DISCOVERY.**—The French have had a magnificent Maltese cross, in solid gold, presented to him by the officers of his Majesty's ship Marlborough. It is a correct copy of the Victoria cross. Money, too, keeps continually arriving from all parts of the country to swell the national fund. "Our hero," says an English paper, "pays nightly visits to all his old friends, and wherever and in whatever society he appears he is always fetted. Such ovations, surely no former champion ever received."

As American hay-cutters took their first prize and a gold medal at the exhibition of farming machines in Paris a few weeks ago.

**DON'T FORGET THE NAME.**—A new kind of pink, called the Dianthus Hodge-wiggle, has been imported from China, with flowers three inches in diameter, color a rich crimson, spotted and edged with white, with a velvety appearance, and very profuse of flowers.

**QUEEN VICTORIA'S INCONSISTENCY** is being critiqued in issuing a stringent proclamation for the suppression of all kinds of vice within her realm, including betting and gambling, and herself attending the Derby race, than which there is said to be no more vicious and immoral exhibition in any land.

The government is about taking the preliminary steps towards commencing the erection of the Pacific telegraph. Mr. Cobb, as Secretary of the Interior, invites proposals, to be received until the 15th of September, for the use of the government, for the construction of a line of telegraph from the western boundary of Missouri as far as San Francisco.

The lowest bid, accompanied by a guarantee for the performance of the contract, will be accepted.

The highest court in North Carolina has finally sustained the will of Elijah Willis, a North Carolina planter who left six children, acknowledged to be his own—the will leaving them \$60,000. The woman is now residing at New Richmond, Ohio.

**THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, OF LONDON.**—The court decided that widows and single men engaged in stockbroking, whose annual salary does not exceed \$600, are exempt from the stamp duty tax.

**CHURCH OF OMBIA.**—The Cleveland Democrat says:—"From the returns already in, it is feared that the population of Ombia, instead of advancing, has slightly decreased within the last ten years, by emigration or otherwise."

"I was in Dixie" is now the popular yell and phrase in New Orleans. The word "Dixie" is an old long time name for the negro land of heaven—that is, a place where there is no work, plenty of possum, pig meat, sweet potatoes, hog hominy, and molasses, all ready for the eating.—Cleveland.

**ANOTHER "PATENT MOWER."**—About Monday, a farmer, named Freund, was thrown from the driving seat of a mowing machine, near Haddonfield, N. J., when one of his heels, caught in the master wheel, was fairly wrenching his foot. His situation is said to be precarious.

**TURKISH ENRAGED CHRISTIANITY.**—A letter from Dr. Schaffer, in the Missionary Herald, gives an account of a remarkable movement in Constantinople, by which some 10,000 Turks have, within a short time, embraced Christianity, and are supposed to sympathize with these views.

**A VALUABLE LOST HORSE.**—The stud of the late Lord Londesborough was recently sold by the famed Tattersall, and the forty animals realized the extraordinary sum of \$105,000.

Of which brought \$20,000, another \$16,000, and the third amount of \$3,000. Aside from these, the stud of the stud, the lot averaged over \$1,500 each.

**DIED FROM GLUTTONY.**—A man residing in Leipsicville, Delaware county, died a few days ago, from the effects of eating two hundred oysters at one time. It is also reported that he ate a half peck of cherries on the same day.

He was a Frenchman, and the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, in 1854, out of the dam of Colossus.

**FRENCH CAVALETTI TACKS.**—The London Morning Post calls attention to the new French system of cavalry tactics. Heavy cavalry are to be abolished, and light horse will be employed, massed out of range, and poured down upon opposing broken troops.

The cavalry will be armed with breech-loading carbines.

Mr. GEORGE HOOVER, of Brothersville township, Somerset county, Pa., lately visited a tallekian den, on the mountain, about two miles from his house. He despatched thirty-four of them, the shortest four feet in length, the longest five feet and a half. One of the largest had twenty-two rattles and a button upon its tail. Mr. Hoover, of whom the Pittsburgh Chronicle vouchers for as being a gentleman of strict veracity, says he could have killed a barrel of them but for the poisonous exhalations from the den.

**LYMAN KINGSLEY,** of Northampton, has a tobacco bed of some thirty feet upon which he has taken over three thousand plants, setting six thousand himself, and setting eleven thousand at \$3 a thousand, the bed still containing about four thousand. There is a big quid for Trask, and several quids for other people.

**THE PRODUCTION OF THE SINGLE ARTICLE OF HAY FOR THE NEW ORLEANS MARKET.** The fertile meadows of Illinois are better appreciated; one farmer, south of Urbana, sold last season 1,000 tons of timothy, at \$10 per ton; this hay was shipped by the Illinois Central South, and sold for \$35 per ton.

**FABRICALI** was born in 1807; his birthday is the immortal day of July—the anniversary of American National Independence.

The American wife of the late Prince Jerome is said to be worth a million of dollars. The first Napoleon allowed her a pension of 60,000 francs—but the Bourbons stopped it very quick.

**THE N. O. PINEAPPLE.**—"We write this paragraph with ink made from sand found on Mr. G. F. Hunt's plantation, near New Orleans, Mississippi, Missouri, Limerick & Vaughan, of Rodney, send us a bottle, and they tell us that they are about offering this ink for sale, and that they can afford to sell it at one-half the price of ordinary ink. This is a new specimen of house economy. The ink is somewhat pale, but it flows smoothly, and it appears will appear blacker when exposed for more time to the air."

**THE ROME (N. Y.) SENTINEL** states that an aged man named Kroop, living in the town of Ayr, Oneida county, committed suicide by hanging a few days since. His two sons had quarreled about his estate, and his father relieved them both by taking himself off. He was 74 years of age. He realized "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankful child."

A PARTY of Pike's Peakers, returned to Chicago, state, by actual count and record, they met 5,488 teams on the road between Denver City and Fort Kearney, and from between Fort Kearney and Omaha City, making a total of 6,988 teams on the road, and all going West.

**A FITTING RECKONING.**—A clergyman in England, not long since, represented to the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol that a brother clergyman was in the habit of preaching in unconsecrated buildings, and otherwise similarly violating the rules of the Church of England, to which the bishop returned the unexpected, but doubtless wholesome reply, "Go thou and do likewise."

**THE HAVRE.**—All accounts from all parts of the country, but more especially from the west, unite in the conclusion that the quantity and quality of the coming harvest will be greater and better than at any other period. We shall be able plentifully to feed our own people, and also to supply Europe with as much grain as she will require.

**DISCOVERY.**—The French have had a magnificent Maltese cross, in solid gold, presented to him by the officers of his Majesty's ship Marlborough. It is a correct copy of the Victoria cross. Money, too, keeps continually arriving from all parts of the country to swell the national fund. "Our hero," says an English paper, "pays nightly visits to all his old friends, and wherever and in whatever society he appears he is always fetted. Such ovations, surely no former champion ever received."

As American hay-cutters took their first prize and a gold medal at the exhibition of farming machines in Paris a few weeks ago.

**DON'T FORGET THE NAME.**—A new kind of pink, called the Dianthus Hodge-wiggle, has been imported from China, with flowers three inches in diameter, color a rich crimson, spotted and edged with white, with a velvety appearance, and very profuse of flowers.

**QUEEN VICTORIA'S INCONSISTENCY** is being critiqued in issuing a stringent proclamation for the suppression of all kinds of vice within her realm, including betting and gambling, and herself attending the Derby race, than which there is said to be no more vicious and immoral exhibition in any land.

The government is about taking the preliminary steps towards commencing the erection of the Pacific telegraph. Mr. Cobb, as Secretary of the Interior, invites proposals, to be received until the 15th of September, for the use of the government, for the construction of a line of telegraph from the western boundary of Missouri as far as San Francisco.

The lowest bid, accompanied by a guarantee for the performance of the contract, will be accepted.

The highest court in North Carolina has finally sustained the will of Elijah Willis, a North Carolina planter who left six children, acknowledged to be his own—the will leaving them \$60,000. The woman is now residing at New Richmond, Ohio.

**THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, OF LONDON.**—The court decided that widows and single men engaged in stockbroking, whose annual salary does not exceed \$600, are exempt from the stamp duty tax.

**CHURCH OF OMBIA.**—The Cleveland Democrat says:—"From the returns already in, it is feared that the population of Ombia, instead of advancing, has slightly decreased within the last ten years, by emigration or otherwise."

"I was in Dixie" is now the popular yell and phrase in New Orleans. The word "Dixie" is an old long time name for the negro land of heaven—that is, a place where there is no work, plenty of possum, pig meat, sweet potatoes, hog hominy, and molasses, all ready for the eating.—Cleveland.

**ANOTHER "PATENT MOWER."**—About Monday, a farmer, named Freund, was thrown from the driving seat of a mowing machine, near Haddonfield, N. J., when one of his heels, caught in the master wheel, was fairly wrenching his foot. His situation is said to be precarious.

**TURKISH ENRAGED CHRISTIANITY.**—A letter from Dr. Schaffer, in the Missionary Herald, gives an account of a remarkable movement in Constantinople, by which some 10,000 Turks have, within a short time, embraced Christianity, and are supposed to sympathize with these views.

**A VALUABLE LOST HORSE.**—The stud of the late Lord Londesborough was recently sold by the famed Tattersall, and the forty animals realized the extraordinary sum of \$105,000.

Of which brought \$20,000, another \$16,000, and the third amount of \$3,000. Aside from these, the stud of the stud, the lot averaged over \$1,500 each.

**DIED FROM GLUTTONY.**—A man residing in Leipsicville, Delaware county, died a few days ago, from the effects of eating two hundred oysters at one time. It is also reported that he ate a half peck of cherries on the same day.

He was a Frenchman, and the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, in 1854, out of the dam of Colossus.

**FRENCH CAVALETTI TACKS.**—The London Morning Post calls attention to the new French system of cavalry tactics. Heavy cavalry are to be abolished, and light horse will be employed, massed out of range, and poured down upon opposing broken troops.

The cavalry will be armed with breech-loading carbines.

Mr. GEORGE HOOVER, of Brothersville township, Somerset county, Pa., lately visited a tallekian den, on the mountain, about two miles from his house. He despatched thirty-four of them, the shortest four feet in length, the longest five feet and a half. One of the largest had twenty-two rattles and a button upon its tail. Mr. Hoover, of whom the Pittsburgh Chronicle vouchers for as being a gentleman of strict veracity, says he could have killed a barrel of them but for the poisonous exhalations from the den.

**LYMAN KINGSLEY,** of Northampton, has a tobacco bed of some thirty feet upon which he has taken over three thousand plants, setting six thousand himself, and setting eleven thousand at \$3 a thousand, the bed still containing about four thousand. There is a big quid for Trask, and several quids for other people.

**THE PRODUCTION OF THE SINGLE ARTICLE OF HAY FOR THE NEW ORLEANS MARKET.** The fertile meadows of Illinois are better appreciated; one farmer, south of Urbana, sold last season 1,000 tons of timothy, at \$10 per ton; this hay was shipped by the Illinois Central South, and sold for \$35 per ton.

**FABRICALI** was born in 1807; his birthday is the immortal day of July—the anniversary of American National Independence.

The American wife of the late Prince Jerome is said to be worth a million of dollars. The first Napoleon allowed her a pension of 60,000 francs—but the Bourbons stopped it very quick.

**THE N. O. PINEAPPLE.**—"We write this paragraph with ink made from sand found on Mr. G. F. Hunt's plantation, near New Orleans, Mississippi, Missouri, Limerick & Vaughan, of Rodney, send us a bottle, and they tell us that they are about offering this ink for sale, and that they can afford to sell it at one-half the price of ordinary ink. This is a new specimen of house economy. The ink is somewhat pale, but it flows smoothly, and it appears will appear blacker when exposed for more time to the air."

**THE ROME (N. Y.) SENTINEL** states that an aged man named Kroop, living in the town of Ayr, Oneida county, committed suicide by hanging a few days since. His two sons had quarreled about his estate, and his father relieved them both by taking himself off. He was 74 years of age. He realized "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankful child."

A PARTY of Pike's Peakers, returned to Chicago, state, by actual count and record, they met 5,488 teams on the road between Denver City and Fort Kearney, and from between Fort Kearney and Omaha City, making a total of 6,988 teams on the road, and all going West.

**A FITTING RECKONING.**—A clergyman in England, not long since, represented to the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol that a brother clergyman was in the habit of preaching in unconsecrated buildings, and otherwise similarly violating the rules of the Church of England, to which the bishop returned the unexpected, but doubtless wholesome reply, "Go thou and do likewise."

**THE HAVRE.**—All accounts from all parts of the country, but more especially from the west, unite in the conclusion that the quantity and quality of the coming harvest will be greater and better than at any other period. We shall be able plentifully to feed our own people, and also to supply Europe with as much grain as she will require.

**DISCOVERY.**—The French have had a magnificent Maltese cross, in solid gold, presented to him by the officers of his Majesty's ship Marlborough. It is a correct copy of the Victoria cross. Money, too, keeps continually arriving from all parts of the country to swell the national fund. "Our hero," says an English paper, "pays nightly visits to all his old friends, and wherever and in whatever society he appears he is always fetted. Such ovations, surely no former champion ever received."

As American hay-cutters took their first prize and a gold medal at the exhibition of farming machines in Paris a few weeks ago.

**DON'T FORGET THE NAME.**—A new kind of pink, called the Dianthus Hodge-wiggle, has been imported from China, with flowers three inches in diameter, color a rich crimson, spotted and edged with white, with a velvety appearance, and very profuse of flowers.

**QUEEN VICTORIA'S INCONSISTENCY** is being critiqued in issuing a stringent proclamation for the suppression of all kinds of vice within her realm, including betting and gambling, and herself attending the Derby race, than which there is said to be no more vicious and immoral exhibition in any land.

The government is about taking the preliminary steps towards commencing the erection of the Pacific telegraph. Mr. Cobb, as Secretary of the Interior, invites proposals, to be received until the 15th of September, for the use of the government, for the construction of a line of telegraph from the western boundary of Missouri as far as San Francisco.

The lowest bid, accompanied by a guarantee for the performance of the contract, will be accepted.

The highest court in North Carolina has finally sustained the will of Elijah Willis, a North Carolina planter who left six children, acknowledged to be his own—the will leaving them \$60,000. The woman is now residing at New Richmond, Ohio.

**THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, OF LONDON.**—The court decided that widows and single men engaged in stockbroking, whose annual salary does not exceed \$600, are exempt from the stamp duty tax.

**CHURCH OF OMBIA.**—The Cleveland Democrat says:—"From the returns already in, it is feared that the population of Ombia, instead of advancing, has slightly decreased within the last ten years, by emigration or otherwise."

"I was in Dixie" is now the popular yell and phrase in New Orleans. The word "Dixie" is an old long time name for the negro land of heaven—that is, a place where there is no work, plenty of possum, pig meat, sweet potatoes, hog hominy, and molasses, all ready for the eating.—Cleveland.

**THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, OF LONDON.**—The court decided that widows and single men engaged in stockbroking, whose annual salary does not exceed \$600, are exempt from the stamp duty tax.

**CHURCH OF OMBIA.**—The Cleveland Democrat says:—"From the returns already in, it is feared that the population of Ombia, instead of advancing, has slightly decreased within the last ten years, by emigration or otherwise."

"I was in Dixie" is now the popular yell and phrase in New Orleans. The word "Dixie" is an old long time name for the negro land of heaven—that is, a place where there is no work, plenty of possum, pig meat, sweet potatoes, hog hominy, and molasses, all ready for the eating.—Cleveland.

**ANOTHER "PATENT MOWER."**—About Monday, a farmer, named Freund, was thrown from the driving seat of a mowing machine, near Haddonfield, N. J., when one of his heels, caught in the master wheel, was fairly wrenching his foot. His situation is said to be precarious.

**TURKISH ENRAGED CHRISTIANITY.**—A letter from Dr. Schaffer, in the Missionary Herald, gives an account of a remarkable movement in Constantinople, by which some 10,000 Turks have, within a short time, embraced Christianity, and are supposed to sympathize with these views.

**A VALUABLE LOST HORSE.**—The stud of the late Lord Londesborough was recently sold by the famed Tattersall, and the forty animals realized the extraordinary sum of \$105,000.

Of which brought \$20,000, another \$16,000, and the third amount of \$3,000. Aside from these, the stud of the stud, the lot averaged over \$1,500 each.

**DIED FROM GLUTTONY.**—A man residing in Leipsicville, Delaware county, died a few days ago, from the effects of eating two hundred oysters at one time. It is also reported that he ate a half peck of cherries on the same day.

He was a Frenchman, and the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, in 1854, out of the dam of Colossus.

**FRENCH CAVALETTI TACKS.**—The London Morning Post calls attention to the new French system of cavalry tactics. Heavy cavalry are to be abolished, and light horse will be employed, massed out of range, and poured down upon opposing broken troops.

The cavalry will be armed with breech-loading carbines.

Mr. GEORGE HOOVER, of Brothersville township, Somerset county, Pa., lately visited a tallekian den, on the mountain, about two miles from his house. He despatched thirty-four of them, the shortest four feet in length, the longest five feet and a half. One of the largest had twenty-two rattles and a button upon its tail. Mr. Hoover, of whom the Pittsburgh Chronicle vouchers for as being a gentleman of strict veracity, says he could have killed a barrel of them but for the poisonous exhalations from the den.

**LYMAN KINGSLEY,** of Northampton, has a tobacco bed of some thirty feet upon which he has taken over three thousand plants, setting six thousand himself, and setting eleven thousand at \$3 a thousand, the bed still containing about four thousand. There is a big quid for Trask, and several quids for other people.

**THE PRODUCTION OF THE SINGLE ARTICLE OF HAY FOR THE NEW ORLEANS MARKET.** The fertile meadows of Illinois are better appreciated; one farmer, south of Urbana, sold last season 1,000 tons of timothy, at \$10 per ton; this hay was shipped by the Illinois Central South, and sold for \$35 per ton.

**FABRICALI** was born in 1807; his birthday is the immortal day of July—the anniversary of American National Independence.

The American wife of the late Prince Jerome is said to be worth a million of dollars. The first Napoleon allowed her a pension of 60,000 francs—but the Bourbons stopped it very quick.

**THE N. O. PINEAPPLE.**—"We write this paragraph with ink made from sand found on Mr. G. F. Hunt's plantation, near New Orleans, Mississippi, Missouri, Limerick & Vaughan, of Rodney, send us a bottle, and they tell us that they are about offering this ink for sale, and that they can afford to sell it at one-half the price of ordinary ink. This is a new specimen of house economy. The ink is somewhat pale, but it flows smoothly, and it appears will appear blacker when exposed for more time to the air."

**THE ROME (N. Y.) SENTINEL** states that an aged man named Kroop, living in the town of Ayr, Oneida county, committed suicide by hanging a few days since. His two sons had quarreled about his estate, and his father relieved them both by taking himself off. He was 74 years of age. He realized "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankful child."

A PARTY of Pike's Peakers, returned to Chicago, state, by actual count and record, they met 5,488 teams on the road between Denver City and Fort Kearney, and from between Fort Kearney and Omaha City, making a total of 6,988 teams on the road, and all going West.

**A FITTING RECKONING.**—A clergyman in England, not long since, represented to the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol that a brother clergyman was in the habit of preaching in unconsecrated buildings, and otherwise similarly violating the rules of the Church of England, to which the bishop returned the unexpected, but doubtless wholesome reply, "Go thou and do likewise."

**THE HAVRE.**—All accounts from all parts of the country, but more especially from the west, unite in the conclusion that the quantity and quality of the coming harvest will be greater and better than at any other period. We shall be able plentifully to feed our own people, and also to supply Europe with as much grain as she will require.

**DISCOVERY.**—The French have had a magnificent Maltese cross, in solid gold, presented to him by the officers of his Majesty's ship Marlborough. It is a correct copy of the Victoria cross. Money, too, keeps continually arriving from all parts of the country to swell the national fund. "Our hero," says an English paper, "pays nightly visits to all his old friends, and wherever and in whatever society he appears he is always fetted. Such ovations, surely no former champion ever received."

As American hay-cutters took their first prize and a gold medal at the exhibition of farming machines in Paris a few weeks ago.

**DON'T FORGET THE NAME.**—A new kind of pink, called the Dianthus Hodge-wiggle, has been imported from China, with flowers three inches in diameter, color a rich crimson, spotted and edged with white, with a velvety appearance, and very profuse of flowers.

**QUEEN VICTORIA'S INCONSISTENCY** is being critiqued in issuing a stringent proclamation for the suppression of all kinds of vice within her realm, including betting and gambling, and herself attending the Derby race, than which there is said to be no more vicious and immoral exhibition in any land.

The government is about taking the preliminary steps towards commencing the erection of the Pacific telegraph. Mr. Cobb, as Secretary of the Interior, invites proposals, to be received until the 15th of September, for the use of the government, for the construction of a line of telegraph from the western boundary of Missouri as far as San Francisco.

The lowest bid, accompanied by a guarantee for the performance of the contract, will be accepted.

The highest court in North Carolina has finally sustained the will of Elijah Willis, a North Carolina planter who left six children, acknowledged to be his own—the will leaving them \$60,000. The woman is now residing at New Richmond, Ohio.

**THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, OF LONDON.**—The court decided that widows and single men engaged in stockbroking, whose annual salary does not exceed \$600, are exempt from the stamp duty tax.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Deposits of D. DEXTER & CO., 112 Nassau St. N. Y. HENRY TAYLOR, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y. A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St. Boston. S. A. MINER, 20 West 4th St., Cincinnati, O. G. O. L. LEWIS, 20 West 4th St., Louisville, Ky. J. JOHNSON & TREANOR, Nashville, Tenn. S. REMON, Richmond, Va. MILTON BOULEMY, Mobile, Ala. J. C. THORAN & CO., New Orleans, La. GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo. Periodical Dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

**WHEAT AND MEAL.**—The receipts continue light; the sales for export reach about 11,000 bbls, in all, at \$3.50, \$3.75 for superfine, \$3.50, \$3.75 for extra, \$3.50, \$3.75 for extra family, including \$3.50 for superfine extra of a particular brand, and about \$3.50 for extra and extra family, part fresh ground, on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent, within the above range of prices for superfine brands, as in quality. Flour is scarce, with small receipts, and sales at \$3.50, \$3.75 for superfine, and \$3.50, \$3.75 for extra, and \$3.50, \$3.75 for extra family, and about \$3.50 for superfine extra of a particular brand, and about \$3.50 for extra and extra family, part fresh ground, on terms kept private.

**GRAIN.**—The receipts of wheat are moderate, and the price of new wheat at \$3.50, \$3.75 for superfine, the sales reaching about 25,000 bbls, in all, at \$3.50, \$3.75 for superfine, \$3.50, \$3.75 for extra, \$3.50, \$3.75 for extra family, including \$3.50 for superfine extra of a particular brand, and about \$3.50 for extra and extra family, part fresh ground, on terms kept private.

**PROVISIONS.**—The upward tendency noticed for some time past in the hog product still continues, and \$3.50 for superfine, the sales reaching about 25,000 bbls, in all, at \$3.50, \$3.75 for superfine, \$3.50, \$3.75 for extra, \$3.50, \$3.75 for extra family, including \$3.50 for superfine extra of a particular brand, and about \$3.50 for extra and extra family, part fresh ground, on terms kept private.

**COAL.**—The advance in the rates of freight and toll, has imparted more activity to the market for Schuylkill coal, and business has been quite active. Prices as yet are unchanged, but very firm, and close with an upward tendency. Schuylkill No. 1, at \$3.50, \$3.75 for superfine, \$3.50, \$3.75 for extra, \$3.50, \$3.75 for extra family, including \$3.50 for superfine extra of a particular brand, and about \$3.50 for extra and extra family, part fresh ground, on terms kept private.

**IRON.**—The market for this staple of the iron and steel industry, has been quite active. Prices as yet are unchanged, but very firm, and close with an upward tendency. Schuylkill No. 1, at \$3.50, \$3.75 for superfine, \$3.50, \$3.75 for extra, \$3.50, \$3.75 for extra family, including \$3.50 for superfine extra of a particular brand, and about \$3.50 for extra and extra family, part fresh ground, on terms kept private.



# Wit and Humor.

## LORD MARSHFIELD AND HIS COACHMAN.

The following is an anecdote of the late Lord Marshfield, which his lordship himself told from the bench—

He had turned off his coachman for certain acts of profligacy and immorality in his class of person. The driver begged his lordship to give him a chance.

"What kind of a chance can I give you?" says his lordship.

"Oh, my lord, any chance your lordship pleases to give me, I shall most thankfully accept."

His lordship accordingly sat down, and wrote as follows:—

"The bearer, John, has served me these years in the capacity of a coachman. He is an able driver, and a very sober man; I discharged him because he cheated me."

(Signed)

"Marshfield."

John thanked his lordship, and went off. A few mornings afterwards, when his lordship was going through his lobby, to step into his coach for Westminster Hall, a man, in a very handsome livery, made him a low bow. To his surprise, he recognized his late coachman.

"Why, John," says his lordship, "you seem to have got an excellent place; how could you manage this with the character I gave you?"

"Oh, my lord," said John, "it was an excellent good character, and I come to return you thanks for it; my new master, on reading it, said he observed your lordship recommended me as an able driver and a sober man."

"These," says he, "are just the qualities I want in a coachman." "I observe," his lordship adds, "he discharged you because you cheated him. Mark you, driver, says he, 'I'm a Yorkshireman, and I'll defy you to cheat me.'"

UNIVERSITY.—A fellow came in from the country, one morning, bringing a gazelle to Messrs. Eddys & Sons, who received it very graciously, and invited the donor to dine with him.

A week afterward, the same man again came to see him; but Messrs. Eddys & Sons, having forgot to ask him who he was.

"I am he who brought you the gazelle," replied the man; upon which Messrs. Eddys & Sons welcomed him as before.

Some days after this, certain strangers having come to claim his hospitality, he asked them who they were.

"We are the neighbors of him who brought you the gazelle," answered they; and he received them as his guests.

Shortly after, yet others presented themselves, who, on being asked who they were, replied:

"We are the neighbors of the neighbors of the man who brought you the gazelle."

And Messrs. Eddys & Sons, bidding them welcome, placed before them a cup of cold water only, saying:

"Drink; it is the breath of the gazelle."

SERVICES.—It was Monday, in a Sunday-school, near Barnstable, a few Sundays ago, two farmers met. One of them, on his way to the school, had noticed a fine calf in his neighbor's field, which circumstance gave rise to the following conversation. Addressing his friend in a tone which was intended for a whisper, but which was loud enough to be heard for several yards round, he said:

"Tommy, supposing it was Monday, what day would you take for your calf?"

"Why," replied the other, "supposing it was Monday, we would take two and fifteen."

"Supposing it was Monday, as 't' two and ten?"

"Supposing it was Monday, then, ye shall have it."

The bargain was thus concluded, and the calf, who was informed, was duly delivered on the following day.

ONE OF THE EPIGRAMS.—On one occasion, a country gentleman, knowing Joseph Green's reputation as a poet, procured an introduction to him, and solicited a "first rate epigram" for a favorite servant who had lately died. Green asked what where the man's chief qualities, and was told that "Cole excelled in all things, but was particularly good at raking hay, which he could do, faster than anybody, the present company, of course, excepted." Green wrote immediately:

"Here lies the body of John Cole,  
His master loved him like his soul;  
He could rake hay—some could rake faster,  
Except that raking day, his master."

"SEE HIM BACK."—There is a story told of an old gentleman who made it a rule that his children should dine at a side table until they were sixteen years old, at which age they were permitted to sit with the other members of the family. On one occasion, a visitor, who was aware of the custom, observed one of the boys, who he thought was of the requisite age, sitting at the side-table, and asked him if he was not sixteen years old. "Yes," said the boy, "I was sixteen some time ago, and father let me come to his table; but there was a dish for dinner that I was very fond of, and instead of being helped, I undertook to help myself, and reaching too far, not with an accident, and so he set me back two years."

GRANDFATHER INVITATIONS.—Does Ramsey, in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," tell us of an old lady who liked a party at quadrille, and sent out her servant every morning to invite the ladies required to make up the game, and her directions were graduated thus: "Betty, you'll give to Lady Carnegie's, and make my compliments, and ask the honor of her ladyship's company, and that of the Miss Carnegies, to tea this evening; and if they cannot come, give to the Miss Radfords, and ask the pleasure of their company; and if they cannot come, you may give to Miss Hunter, and ask the favor of her company; and if she cannot come, give to Lady Spink, and bid her join."

Mrs. Patterson on Compliments.—"That's a new article for beautifying the complexion," said Mr. Bibb, holding up a small bottle for Mrs. Patterson to look at. She looked up from looking out a window at the rain, and took the bottle in her hand. "Is it, indeed?" said she; "well, they may get up over so many nostrums for beautifying the complexion, but depend upon it, the less people have to do with bottles for it the better. My neighbor, Mrs. Stowich, has been using a bottle a good many years, for her complexion, and her nose looks like a rapture of Mount Vesuvius, with the burning lather running all over the contagious territory." Mr. Bibb informed her, with a smile, that this was a cosmetic for the outside, and not to be taken internally, whereupon she subverted into the tea of the stocking, but murmured something about the danger of its "leaking in" nevertheless. The, meanwhile, was rigging a martingale for Lion's tail, securing that waggle member to his collar, and making him appear as if scudding before the wind.

NEW VERSION OF A SCRIBER'S TEXT.—Among the many advocates for total immersion, was a preacher who believed that he ought not to select a subject beforehand, and on one occasion when he arose to speak, as he opened the Bible his eyes fell on these words:—"The voice of the turtle is heard in the land." At first he thought he was stumped. At length he said:

"Brethren, at first sight one would think there was not much in this text, but on a little consideration you will see there is a good deal in it. Now you all know what a turtle is. If you have been along by a pond, you have seen them on the logs sunning themselves. Now, it is said, 'The voice of the turtle is heard in the land.' But the turtle hasn't any voice that ever anybody heard, so it must be the noise that the turtle made in plunging off the log into the water, hence we conclude that immersion is meant, and thus that immersion will be universal."

A CHERISHED ANECDOTE.—A minister of Crall had been long annoyed by the drowsy propensities in church of a farmer, one of his parishioners, one "David Cowan, in Troutville," and, remonstrating on the subject, had his patience constituted by two cartloads of coal which the offender engaged to drive to the manse door.

Nevertheless, a few Sundays afterwards, Mr. Cowan, soon after the commencement of the sermon, fell into a sound sleep as formerly; and not only so, but made so much noise as to disturb the sitters near him and the minister; Mr. Glass here with it for a while, but at last, being able to stand it no longer, desired the people in the north loft (Anglican, gallery), to "waken David Cowan."

David, awakening suddenly, and forgetting where he was, asked the minister "if he didn't drive two cartloads of coal to the manse, last week, to let him sleep."

"True," replied the minister, "but I did not agree to let you snore."

THE ORIGIN OF "HAIL COLUMBIA."

In the "Recollections of Washington," just published, occurs the following anecdote:

The song of "Hail Columbia," adopted in measure to the President's March, was written by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, 1798. At that time war with France was expected, and a patriotic feeling pervaded the community.

Mr. Fox, a young singer and actor, called upon Mr. Hopkinson one morning, and said, "To-morrow evening is appointed for my benefit at the theatre. Not a single box has been taken, and I fear there will be a thin house. If you will write me some patriotic verses on the tune of the President's March, I feel sure of a full house. Several people about the theatre have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done. Yet I think you may succeed."

Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, wrote the first verse and chorus, and submitted them to Mrs. Hopkinson, who sang them to a harpsichord accompaniment. The time and the words harmonized. The song was soon finished, and that evening the young actor received it. The next morning the placards announced that Mr. Fox would give a new patriotic song. The house was crowded—the song was sung—the audience was delighted—eight times was it called for and repeated, and when sung the ninth time the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night "Hail Columbia" was applauded in the theatre; and in a few days it was the universal song of the boys in our streets. Such was the origin of our national song "Hail Columbia."

THE YOUNG WIFE.—It takes a heroine to be economical, says Miss Maloch. "For, will not another rather run in debt for a bonnet than wear her old one a year behind the mode? Give a ball, and stult the family dinner for a month after? Take a large house, and furnish hand-some reception rooms, while her household huddle together anyhow in untidy attic bed-chambers, and her servants swelter on shake-downs beside the kitchen fire? She prefers this a hundred times to staving plainly, by word or manner: 'My income is so much a year—I don't care who knows it—it will not allow me to live beyond a certain rate, it will not keep comfortably both my family and acquaintance; therefore excuse my preferring the comfort of my family to the entertainment of my acquaintance. And, Society, if you choose to look in upon us, you must just take us as we are, without any pretences of any kind; or, you may shut the door, and—good-bye!'"

INTERCOMING WITH SUPERIOR PERSONS.—In a lecture on "Manners," by Emerson, he says: "It is the great event of life to find, and know, and love a superior person; to find a character that prefigures heaven and the saints on earth. Such a one is left alone, as the gods are. In all the superior persons I have met, I notice directness, simplicity, truth, spoken more truly, so as everything is obstruction and misunderstanding has been, trained away. What have they to conceal? What have they to exhibit? Between simple and noble persons there is always a perfect understanding. They recognize at sight, and meet on a better ground than the talents or skill they chance to possess, namely, on their sincerity."

STAYS WIDOWS.—There are no old maids in Japan. When the girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband for them.

Can it be said with truth that we are all children of Eve? When Moses plainly told us that Joshua was the son of Eve?

Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is, that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

STAYS WIDOWS.—There are no old maids in Japan. When the girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband for them.

Can it be said with truth that we are all children of Eve? When Moses plainly told us that Joshua was the son of Eve?

Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is, that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

STAYS WIDOWS.—There are no old maids in Japan. When the girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband for them.

Can it be said with truth that we are all children of Eve? When Moses plainly told us that Joshua was the son of Eve?

Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is, that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

STAYS WIDOWS.—There are no old maids in Japan. When the girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband for them.

Can it be said with truth that we are all children of Eve? When Moses plainly told us that Joshua was the son of Eve?

Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is, that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

STAYS WIDOWS.—There are no old maids in Japan. When the girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband for them.

Can it be said with truth that we are all children of Eve? When Moses plainly told us that Joshua was the son of Eve?

Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is, that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

STAYS WIDOWS.—There are no old maids in Japan. When the girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband for them.

Can it be said with truth that we are all children of Eve? When Moses plainly told us that Joshua was the son of Eve?

Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is, that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

STAYS WIDOWS.—There are no old maids in Japan. When the girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband for them.

Can it be said with truth that we are all children of Eve? When Moses plainly told us that Joshua was the son of Eve?

Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is, that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

STAYS WIDOWS.—There are no old maids in Japan. When the girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband for them.

Can it be said with truth that we are all children of Eve? When Moses plainly told us that Joshua was the son of Eve?

Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is, that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.



COMPLIMENTARY TO PAPA.

SISTER ANN.—"My dear Rose! What are you doing? Mamma will be very angry!"  
ROSE.—"Why, Walter wants to be like papa. So I'm just thinning his hair at the top!"

## NOBODY.

If nobody noticed you, you must be small;  
If nobody slighted you, you must be tall;  
If nobody bowed to you, you must be low;  
If nobody kissed you, you're ugly, we know;  
If nobody flattered you, you're a poor self;  
If nobody cheated you, you are a knave;  
If nobody hated you, you are a slave;  
If nobody called you a "fool" to your face,  
Somebody wished for your back, in its place;  
If nobody called a "tyrant" or "cold,"  
Somebody thinks you of spiteless mould;  
If nobody knows of your faults but "a friend,"  
Nobody'll miss them at the world's end;  
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,  
Nobody'll run like a hound when it's gone;  
If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,  
Nobody'll call you "a miserly bore!"  
If nobody's slandered you—here is our pen—  
Sign yourself Nobody as quick as you can.

## WATCHES.

In buying a watch, choose a lever, if you can afford it, and let it be as good as you really can afford. Buy it of a man who has a character to lose, and to whom you can look for redress in case of failure. Be suspicious of cheapness, and do not put too much faith in guarantees for a year or two years; because a finely made watch may go for a year or two tolerably well, and yet, before you have worn it five, may have cost you twice its value in repairs, and prove a torment and danger instead of an honest friend and guide. In making your selection, do not be led by ornament—by fancy backs or dials, or "jewelling in the case." Ten holes may be jewelled for a guinea, and the watch be none the better for it. With a respectable maker, the absence of needless ornament is often a concomitant of superior work.

Having bought your watch, remember that it is worth taking care of. Wind it, as nearly as possible, at the same time every day, preferring the morning to the evening. Avoid sudden jerks in winding, and do not turn the watch while you are turning the key, but hold it firm and steady. Keep the key in good condition, free from dust and cracks; it is not a bad plan to plug the orifice: a particle of dust or rust in the key may get into the watch, and put you to the expense of an extra cleaning. Keep the key in your bedroom, not in your pocket.

When a watch is hung up, it should be supported and at rest; when laid horizontally, it should rest on a soft substance for support, or the motion of the balance may generate a pendulous motion of the wheels, causing a variation in time.

When a watch varies from atmospheric influence, or from some change in the mode of wearing it, the hands may be occasionally set right, but the regulator should not be touched; if the watch gains or loses continuously, then the regulator should be altered; but it should be delicately handled, and moved but a little at a time. In setting the hands, it is best to set them forwards. In watches set or regulated at the back, the glass should not be opened at all. The watch pocket should at all times be kept free from dust and accumulations of every kind.

Two years is quite long enough to keep a watch without cleaning: If you cannot con-sign it for that purpose to the hands of the maker, intrust it only to some respectable and responsible person. The very best watches are often ruined by the hands of blundering and incapable workmen, while even a bad watch may be made, by the treatment of a clever artist, to perform tolerably well.

Lastly, take a lesson from your watch. That little machine, if you have taken the above advice regarding it, will be found constantly doing its duty. Do you the same; work on with your life's work as that does, "unobtrusively and unceasingly." Let it teach you regularity and punctuality; so shall you not be ashamed to look it in the face, and be enabled, when your hours are all numbered, to give a good account of the time intrusted to your keeping.

Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is, that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

STAYS WIDOWS.—There are no old maids in Japan. When the girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband for them.

Can it be said with truth that we are all children of Eve? When Moses plainly told us that Joshua was the son of Eve?

Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is, that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

STAYS WIDOWS.—There are no old maids in Japan. When the girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband for them.

Can it be said with truth that we are all children of Eve? When Moses plainly told us that Joshua was the son of Eve?

Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is, that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

STAYS WIDOWS.—There are no old maids in Japan. When the girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband for them.

Can it be said with truth that we are all children of Eve? When Moses plainly told us that Joshua was the son of Eve?

Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is, that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

STAYS WIDOWS.—There are no old maids in Japan. When the girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband for them.

Can it be said with truth that we are all children of Eve? When Moses plainly told us that Joshua was the son of Eve?

Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is, that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends, but never will you have again the inexhaustible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, unfeeling world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her tender and untroubled voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared to sleep; never her kiss of peace at night! Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—Macaulay.

## Agricultural.

### IRON AXLE TREES VS. WOODEN.

As this subject is brought up for discussion I should like to say a few words upon it, also to reply to the communication which appeared from the pen of David Stiles, Jr. I think some of his statements cannot be supported by facts. He says that an iron axle made from one third to one half to the weight of any wagon or carriage. I think that any one can see at a glance that there need not be such a difference in two wagons of equal strength and durability. The body and wheels will not necessarily be heavier; and the difference in the weight of the axle and necessary ironing will be but small compared with the reduced friction on the iron axle. And that there is less friction, I think can be proved on scientific principles.

The smaller the axle, the less the friction. Now for the proof of the assertion: First, the smaller the axle, the nearer the friction comes to the centre of a point, and the longer the leverage of the spoke. Second, the smaller the axle, the slower will be the velocity of the surface of the box on the same, because the circle is smaller. Third, there is not as much surface to have friction upon. Some may have the opposite idea, that it is better to have more surface for the axle to bear upon, but I cannot see how this can ever rest on scientific principles: it is evident that the friction must increase with the size of the axle. I have worked with machinery for many years, and have found that large bearings take more power than small ones, even with balance wheel on the latter; the difference is easy to be seen when running under high speed.

Again, the correspondent referred to states that he has made a wagon nearly all of wood, a little more than one half as heavy as a common York buggy; he does not say where all the difference is—how much or how little was owing to its wooden axle. Time will probably tell the strength and durability of his light wagon. There is another point that your correspondent seems to lose sight of; that is, as he increases the load, he does not augment the weight of the wagon. When a wagon is loaded the difference in the weight of the axles sinks into insignificance, while the difference in friction increases as the load is increased. Teamsters have long since found out the difference between drawing loads on iron and wooden axles, (even over our hills,) and I have never heard one speak in favor of the latter. They will as soon return to the old wooden plough again, as to the wooden axle.

I think the superiority of the iron over the wooden axle-trees has long been demonstrated both practically and theoretically.—E. D. TARNELL, in Boston Cultivator.

THE BLACK FLY.

A deadly enemy to the whole race of caterpillars is ever on the alert, winging about in the shape of a small black fly, in search of an exposed and defenceless caterpillar. Having selected her victim, she pierces his body with a sharp cutting instrument she is armed with, and in the wound deposits an egg; the caterpillar winces a little at this treatment, but seems to attach little importance to it. Meanwhile his enemy repeats her thrusts till some thirty or forty eggs, germs of the destroyers, are safely lodged in his body, and his doom is certain beyond hope. The eggs quickly hatch into grubs, who begin to gnaw away at the unhappy creature's flesh, thus reducing him gradually, but by a profound instinct, keeping

order of all the vital organs, as if knowing full well that the worms must keep on feeding, and digesting too, or their own supply would speedily fail, an immense, white, drizzling shower, drops up his crust with the word as long as they can. Weather grows the caterpillar in the gnawing worms which grow stronger and stronger as they go; some-time he has strength left to take the caterpillar to the top, but out of this he never comes a butterfly—the consuming grubs now rush inside and all turn to pupae in his empty skin, and come out some back flies like the parent.—Coleman's British Butterflies.

SUMMER HUNT.—A friend of ours hearing in the country found his horses one morning nearly engaged making numerous small woolen bags of singular shape. Upon inquiry he was informed that they were shown for him, to prevent them from scratching. The lady stated that it had been her practice for years to show her horse, and save her garden. These "shoes" (I believe they are not patented,) were of woolen, made somewhat of the shape of a few feet with ease, after which it is closed with a needle and sewed tightly on, extending about an inch up the leg. Our friend observed that some of the ladies, possibly connected with their new honors, appeared to tread as though walking on eggs—particularly was this the case when from the width of the shoe one would conceive that their feet might be a little pinched.

This is not a bad idea. We have seen horses shod before, and with good results; it is not necessary, however, to make a regular shoe for them, even a piece of cloth embracing their foot and secured to the leg, the bag being large enough to allow their toes to expand in it, will answer the purpose very well. By such an appliance, bee-yards and tight fences are unnecessary, the horse is allowed their liberty all summer, and will lay better for it, and even the garden and field will be kept clean from many worms, bugs, flies and other vermin that injure vegetation. But for their scratching, hens do little harm and much good on cultivated grounds.—Rural Intelligencer.

## Useful Receipts.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Put a pound of very fine ripe raspberries in a bowl, bruise them well, and pour upon them a quart of the best white wine vinegar; next day strain the liquor on a pound of fresh ripe raspberries, bruise them also, and the following day do the same, but do not squeeze the fruit, or it will make it ferment; only strain the liquor as dry as you can from it. The last time press it through a canvas bag previously wet with the vinegar, to prevent waste. Put the juice into a stone jar, with a pound of sugar to every pint of juice; the sugar must be broken into lumps; stir it; and when melted, put the jar into a pan of water; let it simmer, and skim it; when cold, bottle it; it will be fine and thick when cold, like strained honey, newly prepared.

WORM TRYING.—Coal oil is said to be a sure destroyer of bed bugs. Apply plentifully with a small brush or feather to the places where they most do congregate. The cure is effectual and permanent. Gilt frames, chandeliers, &c., rubbed lightly over with coal oil will not be disturbed by flies.

TO GET RID OF MOSQUITOES IN THE NIGHT.—Mosquitoes, says somebody, love best blood better than they do any that flows in the veins of human kind. Just put a couple of generous pieces on plates, near your bed at night, and you will sleep undisturbed by these pests. In the morning you will find them full and stupid with the best blood, and the meat sucked as dry as a cork.

THE CRAMP.—The cramp is one of the greatest terrors of the swimmer; but it is not the cramp in itself that drowns the swimmer; it is his fear. The cramp seldom attacks more than one limb, and if the swimmer will but stretch the cramped limb out to its utmost, he will still have his other limbs in active use to reach the shore. The pain, as is well known, is great, but this must be borne if you would save your life. If the cramp seizes the leg, turn over on your back, stretch the limb out stiffly, and in a few minutes it may be gone; and, however great the pain, do not relax the use of that limb, as no muscular action can increase cramp, but the reverse. If the stomach is attacked, which will probably prevent the use of the legs, bear with the pain and float on the back, making use of the hands till you get within reach of assistance.

CURRENTS PRESERVED.—Take ripe currants free from stems; weigh them and take the same weight of sugar; put a teaspoon of sugar to each pound of it; boil the syrup until it is hot and clear; then turn it over the fruit; let it remain one night; then set it over the fire, and boil gently until they are cooked and clear; take them out of the jars or pots with a skimmer; boil the syrup until rich and thick; then pour it over the fruit. Currants may be preserved with ten pounds of fruit to seven of sugar. Take the stems from seven pounds of the currants, and crush and press the juice from the remaining three pounds; put them into hot syrup, and boil until thick and rich; put in into pots or jars, and the next day secure as directed.

CHARLES.—"Clara, did poor little Carlo have a pink ribbon round his neck when you lost him?"

CLARA.—"Yes, yes, the little dear. Have you seen him?"

CHARLES.—"No, not exactly; but here's a piece of pink ribbon in the baggage."

GOODNESS.—Goodness is goodness, and it where we may. A vineyard exists for the purpose of nurturing vines, but he would be a strange vineyarder who denied the reality of grapes because they had ripened under a less genial soil, and beyond the products of his vineyard.

THE FAKIN VISITOR says: "Coming home a few mornings since, we met a man attempting to walk on both sides of the street. By a skilful manoeuvre we passed between him."

THE COMA, which is far over sounding, sometimes gets scolded.

## The Riddler.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 56 letters.  
My 22, 29, 31, 49, is a cape of South America.  
My 19, 29, 32, 35, 11, is a gulf of Africa.  
My 13, 29, 39, 27, 29, is a mountain of Asia.  
My 29, 45, 29, 27, 29, is a sea of Europe.  
My 5, 48, 18, 32, 26, 25, is an island of Oceania.  
My 34, 31, 29, 5, is a lake of the United States.  
My 27, 23, 29, 12, 34, is a river of Europe.  
My 9, 29, 22, 68, is a gulf of Asia.  
My 45, 23, 29, 19, is a river of the United States.  
My 29, 39, 35, 4, 42, 54, is a division of Europe.  
My 44, 19, 23, is a cape of the United States.  
My 23, 27, 29, 49, 15, 29, is an island of the Indian Ocean.  
My 19, 45, 28, 48, is a gulf of the Arabian Sea.  
My 22, 5, 9, 33, 29, is a town of India.  
My 28, 16, 23, 11, 23, is a lake of Africa.  
My 47, 27, 9, 46, 46, is an island of the Atlantic Ocean.  
My 9, 29, 49, 38, is a mountain of the United States.  
My 2, 27, 43, is a river of British America.  
My 47, 29, 32, 29, 16, is a town of Mexico.  
My whole is a link of the great chain of railroads which are to be found in every State of the United States.

Philadelphia. M. P. WILLIAMS.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.